

Patterns

Thirty-first Edition

*We'd like to thank the following Advertising Design students
for the production of this publication:*

Christine Gibbons, Denise Baranowski, and Sherry Teets

*The 31st Edition
of*

PATTERNS

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

PREFACE

"Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand," says Thoreau. "There must be a kind of life and palpitation to it, and under its words a kind of blood must circulate forever." Perhaps these strange words open up the possibilities for a writer in a way that Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis can never do. Perhaps writing may be seen somehow the expression of the imagination, and imagination itself may be mysterious and wild.

--Theodore Baird, Amherst College

The 31st edition of **PATTERNS** reflects not only its tradition of celebrating the intrinsic connection between writing and art, but an exploration of changing perspectives as the SCCCC community moves toward a new decade of growth, imagination and art.

Preparation for this edition was a continual process over the past academic year, a convergence of Art and English faculty, dedicated stalwarts and new committee members. This phase contributed to both added insights and deep appreciation for all those who have assisted with **PATTERNS** over the years.

New to PATTERNS is an intriguing concept that emerged to become part of the magazine's design, and what we hope will become a continued feature: the thematic section. This year's choice was "The Four Elements: Air, Earth, Wind and Fire." Entries were submitted by both Art and English students, adding fresh excitement to the creative process and generating a new dimension to our kaleidoscopic blend of the visual and the textual.

Since the inception of **PATTERNS** and its first publication in 1959, the talented and the hopeful, the wise and the innocent have contributed to the spirit and richness of the SCCCC experience: scholarship, dedication, diversity and community. In words and in art, the creative lives of our students and their faculty are preserved as a foundation for our future.

Short Story

First Place (tie):	Pink Plastic Rosary	Marlene Taylor
	The Bike Trip	Kathleen McConnell
Second Place:	Heading Home.....	Jessica Guyor
Selection of Merit:	Letting Go	Diane Ramey

Literary Essay

First Place:	Patriotism and Truth	Kathleen McConnell
Second Place:	Reconsidering the Widow in Fiction: Two Short Stories	Marlene Taylor
Selection of Merit:	"I Stand Here Ironing"	Kathleen McConnell
Selection of Merit:	God as Truth in the Poetry of Emily Dickenson ...	Jill Lyons

Theme: Earth, Wind, Fire, Water

First Place:	Egret on St. John's Marsh.....	K.C. Lazzari
Second Place:	Pursuing the Sea	Ruth Peuler
Selection of Merit:	Kyrie Eleison (The Morning After the Storm).....	K.C. Lazzari
Selection of Merit:	A Rainbow of Beauty.....	Shannon Galant

Poetry

First Place:	Two Innocents.....	Ruth Peuler
Second Place (tie):	Landlords.....	Pat Erno
	Birth	Elizabeth Lueth
Selection of Merit:	Haiku	Marlene Taylor
Selection of Merit:	On a String.....	Jessica Guyor

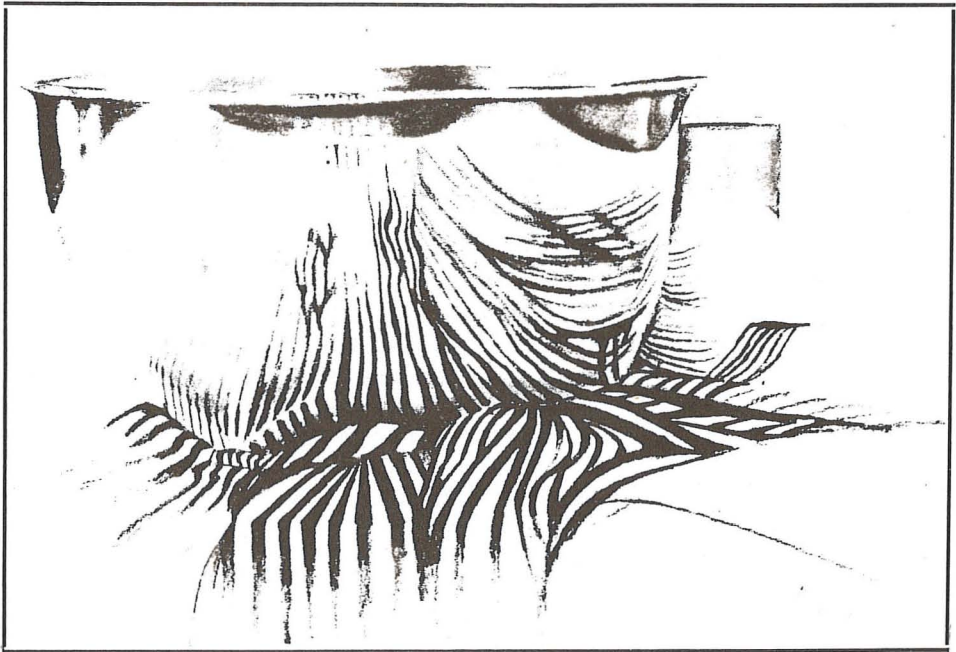
Personal Essay

First Place (tie):	Bumper Pool...Is It Really Child's Play? ...	Kevin J. Collins
	Growing Pains	Pam LePla
Second Place:	Thanksgiving with a Twist.....	James Paul Lacey, Jr.
Selection of Merit:	My Dear, Sweet Daisy.....	Michael J. Fletcher
Selection of Merit:	Her Pursuit of Life and Love.....	Kevin J. Collins
Selection of Merit:	How Do You Spell Relief?	Michelle M. Goodrich
Selection of Merit:	Education--Whose Responsibility?	Karen Phillips
Selection of Merit:	Fond Memories and Valuable Lessons	Karen Hunt
Selection of Merit:	Impulse.....	Melisa Mallwitz
Selection of Merit:	His Portrait in the Mirror	Jodi Lee Klass

Marlene Taylor **Eleanor B. Mathews Award**

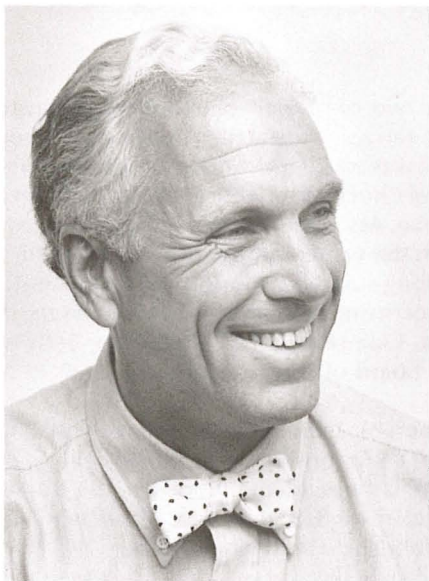
Art

Cover Design	The Beginning (pen & ink).....	Jason Gamache
First Place	Past Shadows	Ruth Ann Messing
Second Place	SH rooms (pen & ink)	Joe Foster
Third Place	B is For ... (ink)	Sherrie Major
Selected Entries	Night Mystery (ink)	Kathleen Bartling
	Urban Structures (ink).....	Kathleen Bartling
	The End (pen & ink).....	Robin Cooper
	Ditto (pen & ink)	Christine Cote
	Majestic Image (ink).....	Martha Dandron
	Board Walk.....	Amy Degrow
	Inner Ear (pen & ink)	Debbie Dare
	Out - Rageous Wheels (pen & ink)	Rick Faszczewski
	On the Rails (ink)	Brian Fischer
	Lost & Found (pen & ink).....	Jason Gamache
	Anticipation (pen & ink).....	Jason Gamache
	Bisabeula (ink)	Chris Gibbons
	Amo, Amas, Amat (pen & ink).....	Lisa Gray
	Star Tracking (ink)	Rick Gutierrez
	Count the Ways (pen & ink).....	Tim Holcomb
	Missy (pencil).....	Tim Holcomb
	Unconscious Exsertion (pen & ink).....	Jeff Kahn
	On the Line (ink & Gouache)	Jeff Kahn
	Reflected Freeways (charcoal)	Nicole Manns
	Sunglasses? (pen & ink)	Scott Markel
	Eyes of Determination (pen & ink).....	Scott Markel
	Round Circle City (ink & paper)	Lisa Mattson
	Target Date (pen & ink)	Nancy Pierskalla
	Read between the Lines (ink).....	Michelle Webb
	A Look Back (ink).....	Nicole Zalut
	Bay Memories (ink & Gouache).....	Kelly Zorn
	Diamond Wedding Anniversary.....	Joanne Parmann
Patterns Theme	Winter's Beginning (pen & ink)	Mary Beecher
	Forest & Silhouette (linoleum).....	Mary Beecher
	Kansas	Peggy Karner
	Low Pressure Presence (ink wash)	Janine Murphy
	Stumped (pen & ink)	Janine Murphy
	Star Sphere (ink)	Rob Webb
	Moon View (ink)	Becky West



REFLECTED FREEWAYS

Nicole Manns



Chuck and Betty
Muer

IN SPECIAL TRIBUTE

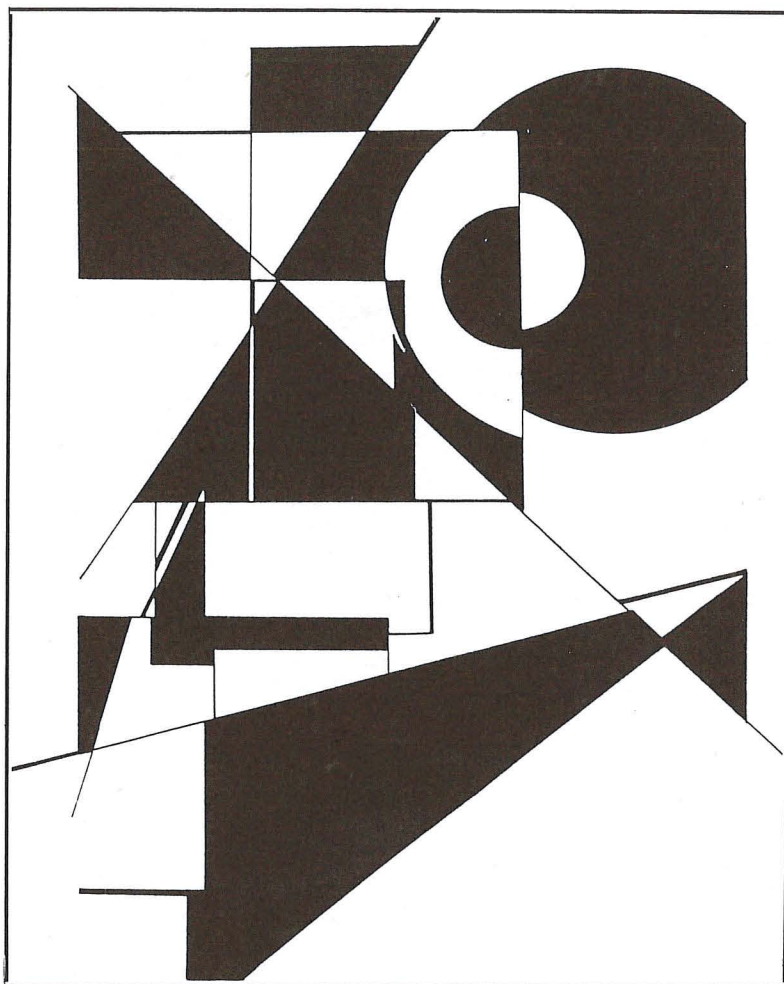
For just over 30 years St. Clair County Community College has honored its student artists and authors by this annual publication of the best and most representative works of its students. In the history of higher education in Michigan, this is quite a significant achievement. **PATTERNS** may even hold the honor among Michigan colleges for the longest, continuous publication. Copies sometimes are sent to area businesses, professional offices and schools as well as to other colleges and universities in Michigan. **PATTERNS** is a viable record of the quality of education at St. Clair County Community College.

This achievement has not always been easy. As so frequently happens in education, when budgets become tight and priorities are established, the arts are among the first to be cut. Yet it is also true that such occasions can become a challenge for change that leads to unexpected rewards. This is what happened at the community college several years ago. Publication of **PATTERNS** continued through private donations by individuals from the college and the community who were dedicated to its purpose. This group of patrons soon joined the Friends of the Creative Arts which became what is now the Friends of the Arts, an organization which broadly supports the arts activities at the college.

The success of such support owes a great deal to two of its earliest and most dedicated contributors, Chuck and Betty Muer. Betty Muer had been a student at the college and through her association with Marge Boal, English instructor, she was aware of the many creative activities which are in constant progress at the college. Betty and Chuck Muer were the first to answer an appeal for financial support presented by Patrick Bourke, Associate Dean of Arts and Letters, to a small group of citizens. Their belief in education, in the value of these programs, and in St. Clair County Community College as well as their long-standing support for philanthropic programs in the area led them to launch in 1985 one of the most enjoyable money-raisers, the Friends of the Arts Brunch, at the River Crab, their St. Clair restaurant. In addition, Betty has shown her support by serving as Chairperson of the board of Directors of the Friends of the Arts.

The Brunch for the Arts has been a unique and memorable experience for all involved. It has done more than raise funds for the arts, it has provided a relationship between the college and the community, between business and the arts, between the academic world and the working world that is one of the most significant and unexpected rewards of this event. Those who have worked at these bunches have formed valuable friendships with one another, and when someone from the college, who has worked on the Brunch, dines at the River Crab, there is an appreciation for those who work there and for what goes on "behind the scenes" to create that very effective, friendly atmosphere. We have all made rewarding investments in one another.

Without the generosity of Chuck and Betty Muer, this would not have been possible. So we take this opportunity to pay special tribute to two special people from the business community who have contributed so much more than money can buy with these Friends of the Arts Brunches at the River Crab. With this edition of **PATTERNS**, we at St. Clair County Community College honor you for your long-standing dedication to education and the community in many ways. You have created a more enriched life for everyone through your numerous efforts in the community, for the college and in the state. Your business has been truly in the service of others, and we appreciate all that you have done by being outstanding Friends of the Arts.



TARGET DATE
Nancy Pierskalla



DIAMOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Joanne Parmann

Reconsidering the Widow in Fiction:

Two Short Stories

by Marlene Taylor

Both "Livvie" by Eudora Welty, and "The Story of an Hour" by Kate Chopin, are short stories that challenge the ages-old belief that widows must figuratively be "buried" with their husbands, and that to experience a feeling of release or freedom is immoral if not "monstrous."

Livvie and Louise lead lives sheltered in the homes their husbands have provided for them, homes that have become cages. Livvie, married to the aged Solomon, is forbidden to go any farther than the well, while Louise, living a comfortable middle-class life, is just as easily kept in bounds by her frail heart.

Miss Welty shows us more of Livvie's daily life, the narrow world where she cooks and cleans constantly, so that the table is always wet, pickles and preserves set just so, and four baited mouse-traps wait in spotless corners. The house is filled with old Solomon's furniture, Solomon's possessions. Assembled in his long life as proof of his dignity, they now spoke of his pride as he lay silent, dying, in his polished bed while Livvie tiptoes dutifully about, fearful of disturbing him. She is fearful, too, of the thoughts brought on by spring-time-- to walk down the Natchez Trace, to work in the fields and talk to the field hands, to touch the black earth!

Such action would bring shame to Solomon. So in penance she cooks and cleans all the harder, not realizing that she is blooming inside Solomon's house just as the branches are growing inside the bottles on Solomon's trees, and nothing can stop the force of that life.

Kate Chopin shows us less, directly, of Louise. She too was young, but her face betrays the "repression of her will." Her husband Brently has a "powerful will, bending her with a blind persistence," and she shudders to think that her life might be long. He is a businessman, earning them a comfortable home, and he is away on business when the erroneous news of his death arrives. Louise has her own room where she retires, after crying in her sister's arms, to sit alone in an "ample" armchair.

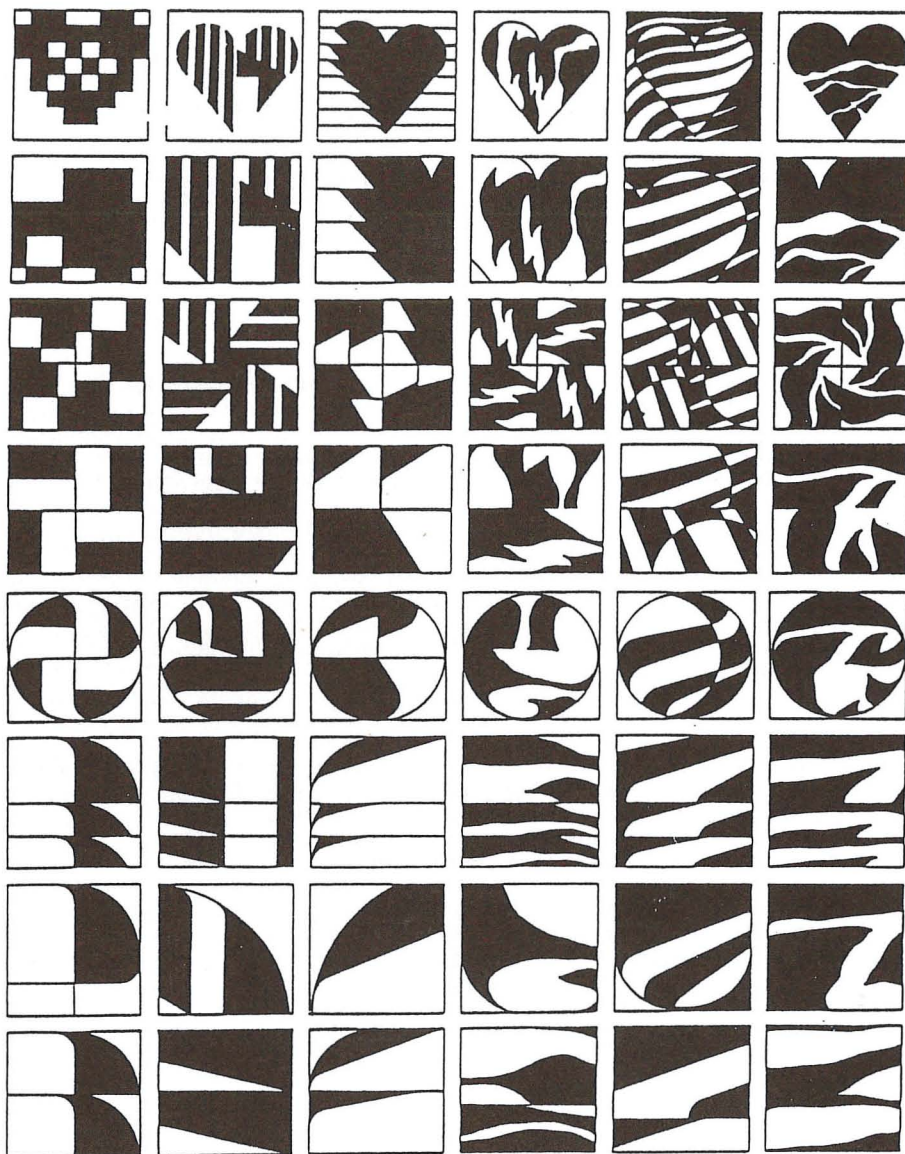
Louise and Livvie have a sense of something waiting for them, and it both stirs and frightens them. It is significant that the feelings accompany spring, and the new life all around them.

For Louise it comes as she gazes out her window, dazed by her husband's "death." Suddenly she is aware of song and scents and color, and feels that something is "coming to her, and she is waiting for it, fearfully." Then she recognizes it: freedom. "Body and Soul free!" She knows she will weep again when she sees her husband's body, but she does not consider her joy at her new-found freedom to be "monstrous."

Livvie's epiphany is heralded by Miss Baby Marie, who comes selling cosmetics and allows Livvie to try on a lipstick. The fragrance of it, the slash of color on Livvie's lips, only emphasize her ripeness. She sees again her home in springtime, her mother beside the Chinaberry tree, apron full of ripe figs. Figs-- a symbol of fertility, and glaring opposite of her sterile life with old Solomon.

When Miss Baby Marie leaves (after pointing out how old the sleeping Solomon looks), Livvie daringly goes for a walk down the Natchez Trace. Here she meets Cash, a field hand who literally sweeps her off her feet. Her guilt sends her flying back to the house, in time to witness her husband's death. At first she holds the watch, given to her by Solomon, stiffly out at her side. Then, as Cash holds her, she lets it drop. Solomon's time is no more. Livvie's time has begun. She is no longer imprisoned like the branches on the bottle trees.

For Louise, the joy of freedom is short-lived. On seeing her husband enter the door very much alive,



AMO, AMAS, AMAT

Lisa Gray

The Eleanor B. Mathews Award

The Eleanor B. Mathews Award was established in 1983 to recognize students whose writing submitted to the annual **PATTERNS** competition "exhibits outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style." Mrs. Mathews fostered her many years of teaching at the Community College and exemplified her teaching by her own writing, frequently published in a variety of magazines and journals. With this award established in her memory, she continues to encourage students to write well and to value each individual's written perceptions of life.

Marlene Taylor, affectionately known as Marti by her family and friends, is the seventh recipient of this award. Like previous recipients, Marlene was selected to receive this honor not for any one piece of writing, but for her many contributions to **PATTERNS**. Marlene has had selections of her work published in the last two editions of **PATTERNS** as well as this current edition. Marlene's versatility is evident in the fact that she has published her work in **PATTERNS** in all four categories of writing: poetry, personal essay, short story, and literary essay. Her poem "On Viewing American Gothic" took first place honors last year. The test of the fine writer is to take the ordinary and make it fresh. Marlene meets this test with subjects of everyday life: nature, childhood, and change, to name a few. She has a particularly keen eye in truly **seeing** nature; she creates simple beautiful images such as descriptions of "C-moons, "City moons," and "Moons playing hide-and-seek/Behind gilt-edged clouds" in her poem "Moon Magic" in last year's edition.

Marlene is the wife of Brian Taylor, mother of Robyn and David. Though interested in oil painting, reading, and writing, Marlene's special pleasure is puppetry. Marlene's mother and father, Peggy and Norm Miller, along with Marlene and other family members, have formed a puppetry group which they call, "Our Family Puppeteers." They construct their own puppets, write their own scripts, and perform at local nursing homes and for the Association of Retarded Citizens. Marlene is particularly expert at shadow puppetry, which she demonstrated in her Children's Literature class to the delight of those future educators.

Marlene Taylor is a quiet, caring person who is helpful to other students at S.C.C.C.C. Marti was a tutor in the Student Tutor Program during the 1988-89 school year. She liked being helpful to the students and enjoyed the camaraderie with the other tutors. Marti is also an instructor's ideal student as she thinks deeply about her

world, explores all ideas for possibilities and is so creative. No other winner of the Eleanor B. Mathews Award has taken so many art and literature classes here at S.C.C.C.C.; no other winner has been so gifted **both** visually and verbally.

Marlene expects to graduate from S.C.C.C.C. in June 1990 with an Associate in Arts degree. She would like to continue her education to become an elementary teacher in a public school special education program.

The selection of Marlene Taylor as this year's recipient of the Eleanor B. Mathews Award recognizes Marlene's creativity as a writer, her sensitivity to the nuances of life, and her appreciation for the visual which are all illustrated in the written word. She is a true gentlewoman.

Previous recipients are Steven S. Strobbe (Port Huron) - 1983; Mary JoAnn Hayes (Richmond) - 1984; Roberta A. Leuth (St. Clair) - 1985 and 1986; Scott Klein (Port Huron) - 1987; and Julie Ann Brown (North Street) - 1988.

Two Innocents

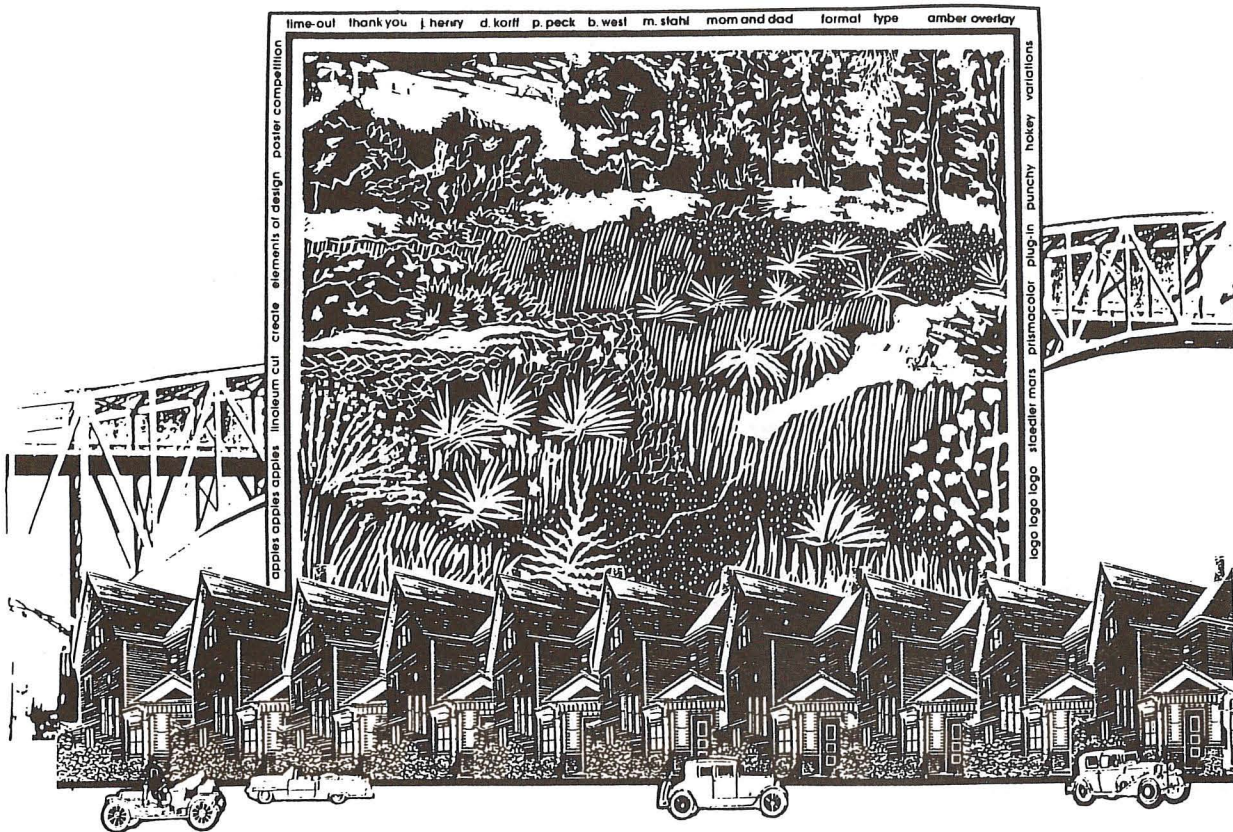
by Ruth Peuler

My catalogue companion of
 painted permanent cheer.
An impudent naked cherub
A virgin martyr,
 So witlessly dear
 So absent of tear.

She lies in sandhill
 infested, damp and unaffected.
I, no malicious molester
Execute mutilation for
 unperpetrated err.

I dispose of her dimpled limbs
 to view her barren hull within
Exposing portholes, unlatched
Vulnerable to my wordless wonderings.
I envision her a wonderlust
 laden her with gravel dust

To launch her leeward
 over and amongst the weeds
To lie shipwrecked
 My victim
 My friend
 My doll.



A LOOK BACK

Nicole Zalut



Nicole S. Galt

Designed By

Impulse

by Melisa Mallwitz

On occasion a creative impulse will leap into my imagination. Some force propels me to act upon this imaginative idea, and before I realize it, I am involved in a stream of creativity that rushes from my brain. The result is a unique idea. Some of these can be a part of wonderful memories. This is how I view one escapade of this summer.

It all began at my best friend's house. Kim and I were talking about our boyfriends and how nice they were to us. I suggested that we do something special for them since they were always taking us out. Kim agreed that it was a good idea, but it would have to be something inexpensive since both of us were on tight budgets. I proposed a picnic because we could raid our refrigerators, and it wouldn't cost anything to go to a nearby park. We soon realized that since neither of us could get the type of meal we wanted to have from our homes, we would have to buy it.

Kim offered to buy the chicken French bread, and Brie. I was to provide the grapes, cheese cake, and tarts. Kim's sister suggested that we use her china plates, champagne glasses, and silverware for our evening. There was to be a linen table cloth and a radio playing soft music. This was going to be a first-class picnic. We decided that the picnic would be Tuesday, two nights later. We chose Lakeport State Park as our exotic location. We wanted to picnic on the beach so we could watch the waves roll in and the moon rise.

Since we didn't want Jeff (Kim's boyfriend) or Phil (my boyfriend) to know exactly what was going on, we devised an invitation to be delivered to them the next day.

It read as follows:

"You are cordially invited to take

part in an evening shrouded in mystery.

Your escort will arrive at your door promptly at 7 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, July twenty-sixth. You will be dining at an exclusive location; it is requested that you refrain from indulging earlier in the evening.

T-shirts will not be considered appropriate attire; however, a tie is not required.

Be prepared for adventures of all sorts. Swimming garb may prove useful later in the evening.

This invitation was delivered 24 hours in advance so that you may spend the time anticipating the evening to come."

The invitations were left unsigned so that neither Jeff nor Phil would positively know who had sent them. I contacted both families so they would know where we were going and what we were doing that evening.

On Tuesday, Kim and I met at a parking lot in Marysville to finalize details and transfer her share of the picnic to the trunk of my car. Shortly before 7:00 Kim went to pick up Jeff and I left to get Phil.

At 7:00 I arrived at Phil's door and was greeted by the family dog. As Phil settled into the passenger seat, I secured a blindfold over his eyes. Kim was to do the same to Jeff. Since it was to be a surprise, we didn't want them to figure out where we were headed. We drove back to the parking lot to meet Kim and Jeff.

Once there, Phil and I climbed into the back of Kim's car. Kim drove down as many twisting roads as she could find in order to confuse our captives. After a half hour of driving down every dirt road in Marysville, we headed back to the parking lot. Upon our return, we transferred to my car. As before, I made sudden stops and hairpin turns for twenty minutes to cause confusion. Then we headed to Lakeport State Park.

Once we arrived at Lakeport, we had the task of unloading the car and carrying everything across the walkway to the beach. It was a challenge, but we managed to carry the picnic hamper, blanket, radio, and dishes as we led Jeff and Phil, still blindfolded, to the beach. One person we passed on our way to the beach commented on our "blind" dates.

The beach was vacant when we finally arrived. We made Jeff and Phil sit at a picnic table as we prepared the setting. We didn't want them to wander off. We found a flat area, spread the blanket, and placed the linen tablecloth over it. As Kim selected the music and retrieved the food from the picnic hamper, I put the plates, silverware, glasses and cloth napkins in place. We decided to have the first course, chicken and vegetables, already served so Jeff and Phil could get the full effect once their blinders were removed.

The look on their faces was priceless. Both commented on how surprised they were and thanked us many times. The meal progressed with the serving of the French bread, Brie and grapes, which were served "Caesar" style. (We fed them by dangling a clump of grapes by the stem, as seen in the movies.) When we were finished with dinner we changed into our swimming suits and took a quick swim in the lake. After our dip in the chilly water we sat on the shore, ate dessert, and watched the moon climb across the sky. It was a cloudless, starry night and the moon was full. It was perfect. The moon shimmered off the lake; the small waves had a gentle rhythm as they met the shore, and the breeze gently teased the leaves of the trees behind us.

We remained undisturbed in this paradise until a security guard approached to inform us that the park was now closed. We didn't want to leave but knew we must. It was a perfect evening, shared with close friends and created on impulse. That seed of creativity produced cherished memories.

Jeff and Phil vowed to return the favor, but I know it could never compare to the evening we experienced that summer.

Letting Go

by Diane Ramey

"Hey Joe, let's get a quick cold one before we head home."

"Not today, Hal. My daughter's alone. Got to get home."

"Just a quick one, Joe?"

"Nah. Besides the ball game's on TV."

Joe walked briskly to his car and opened the door on the blistering heat inside. It was late May, and the day had been a warm one. During the drive home he thought about his sixteen years at the factory. Through the summer's heat and winter's damp and cold, he had spent his days here working hard to provide for his family.

He arrived home sweaty and dirty from the day's work. Lilly was there to greet him, "Hi, Daddy," she said as she kissed his cheek. She didn't need to stand on her toes to reach him anymore. She had turned thirteen the previous month.

"Gonna walk to the store with me to get my jumbo? I might be able to afford an ice cream bar. Then we can watch the last of the game."

"Can't today, Dad. I'm writing a story," she answered, smiling up at him.

"You're doing what!"

"I'm writing a story," she said as she walked back to the living room where the old Remington portable, picked up at a garage sale, was perched in the middle of a card table. Three quarters of a typewritten page extended from the carriage. Joe bent over to look at it, his nose curled up as though gazing at an unpleasant sight. He straightened almost immediately.

"It's fun, Dad. Mrs. Harold will give us extra credit in English if we write a story. We can't type it 'cause all the kids don't have typewriters. But I like to type, so I start this way. I have one story done and I'm starting another."

Joe had never known anyone who wrote stories. Joe had never even read an entire book. His education had been cut short by the depression and his own fear. It had been hard sitting in a classroom all day under the rule of tough old Herr Apfelbaum who used a long wooden pointer on the knuckles of young restless boys like Joe.

Joe again bent close to the typewriter and attempted to decipher the first few lines. He couldn't see very well so that his nose was nearly caught in the platen as she typed. That had been a problem for him at school, too. His big thick glasses in their wire frames had been a target for the other kids in school. They were broken more often than not, sometimes by Joe on purpose so he wouldn't have to endure the teasing of his classmates and sometimes by accident in a fight because Joe could no longer tolerate the teasing. He told everyone he'd gone through the eighth grade in school. He actually hadn't gotten that far.

He could only make out a few words now as Lilly wouldn't stop typing. "The creative juices are flowing, Dad. I can't stop. You can read it when I'm done with the page."

Joe left the house alone and walked the two blocks to the store. Lilly used to walk with him and beg for an ice cream or candy, then sit on his lap and enjoy the reruns on TV with him. But Lilly was too old for that now. This last year she'd wanted more and more to be with her friends. Joe didn't know what they did all that time, but he knew he missed Lilly's company. She had

been a little bundle of questions: "Why is the thunder so loud, Daddy?" or "What makes the traffic light change, Dad?" Joe tried to answer her as best he could.

Sometimes now, he found her in her room, with the stereo vibrating the walls and making the glass in the window rattle.

"Turn it down," he mouthed at the door. There was no use speaking; she couldn't hear over the din. But she could see him and knew what he wanted.

Though Lilly hadn't come to the store with him, Joe bought her an ice cream bar. On the short walk home he wondered about his daughter. Already she was too old to sit on his lap. And she was writing a story! How could the fruit have fallen so far from the tree?

Now when he said, "Let's watch the ball game," she would say, "I can't today, Dad. Tammy and I are going to the movies." He would watch her dejectedly as she ran down the walk to Tammy's house.

When he came back, she was still typing. He leaned over again to see what words were falling out of this old typewriter. Something about running off to join the circus was printed there. Now there is something I would have done, he thought. But not his little girl.

He read the sentences out loud. He sounded disapproving even to his own ears. She frowned but kept on typing. All afternoon until dinner, the typing, peck, peck, peck, went on mingling with the sound of the TV.

"Why do you want to write stories?" he asked her over dinner.

"I want to tell people things," she answered. "I want them to know what I think about. My life is so neat, so really wonderful that I want to tell absolutely everyone about it!"

All he could answer was, "Oh."

A few days later she met him at the door as he came in from work. "Dad, Dad!" she said excitedly. "You've got to read this." She was jumping up and down as she used to when she had a new toy to show him. He was caught up in her excitement and hugged her.

"So stop jumping so I can hear you. What's the matter? Did the Tigers win the pennant? Did you win a million dollars? That would be great. Then I could retire!"

She laughed as she thrust a sheaf of papers into his hands. The pages were full of the small ink scratching of her words. "No money and no pennant. But I got an A on my story and I want you to read it. Please, Dad. Will you read it?"

Joe felt the back of his neck begin to tingle as it reddened. It didn't matter when he read the newspaper in front of others. No one knew how much or how fast he was reading. But she would see how slow he was if he read her story while she was in the room.

"I'll read it as soon as I get my beer from the store."

"Ah, Dad. I don't want to wait that long! Please read it now?" she pleaded.

"Oh, all right. I'll read it now. But I feel hungry today. Why don't you----. Why don't you go make me a sandwich. Make it a big one with bologna and cheese and lots of mustard. You know how I like them."

"O.K." she responded and ran to the kitchen sliding on the linoleum as she rounded the corner.

Joe could hear her clattering through her task as he sat heavily in his chair. He slowly began to read. When she came in with the sandwich, he sent her back for pickles, for a napkin and finally for a glass of ice water. "Dad," she complained, "I'm not the maid!"

He still wasn't finished reading but could think of nothing more to send her for, so struggled through under her gaze. Her smile was as big as the Golden Gate Bridge.

"It's easier to read typewriting like in the newspaper than to read someone's handwriting," he said. "That's why I'm so slow."

"I know but, remember, I told you my teacher wouldn't let me type it."

"That's O.K. I'm not complaining, just explaining."

After this exchange he forgot about his embarrassment. The story was about a man named Jack, a man who worked in a factory and watched baseball on TV. One day, on his way home from work, Jack saw a little boy being kidnapped from the corner candy store. Jack became a hero as he chased and caught the kidnappers and restored the little boy safely to his mother.

Joe sat in his chair, the lump in his throat so big that no words would come out. He fidgeted to gain his composure before he spoke.

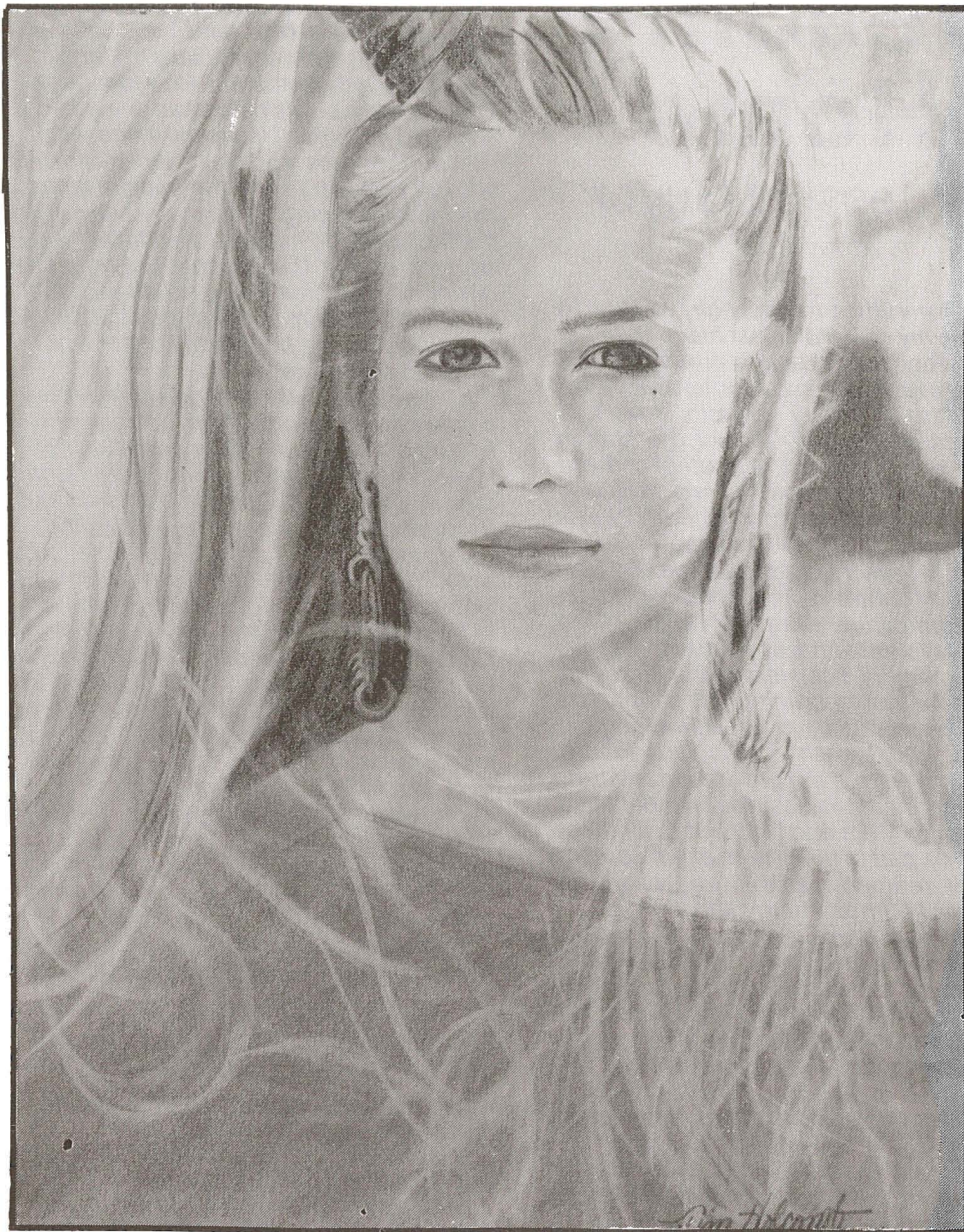
"I'm really proud of you, pal," he said softly so the words wouldn't break. "That is a wonderful story and I am really proud of you. I love you."

She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek before rushing off. "Thanks, Dad. I knew you'd like it," she threw over her shoulder. "I've got to finish my new story now. It's about a teen-age girl and she meets this other girl, and they start this business. I'll let you read it when I'm done. And I still have to finish the one about the circus. I love you, too."

He sat in his chair for a moment, then rose and walked to the kitchen still thinking about Lilly's story. He opened the freezer and, reaching for more ice, noticed the ice cream bars he'd brought her. There were four of them, one for each day this week. He touched one, felt its icy cold, smooth surface.

"My little girl," he mumbled to himself shaking his head.

He closed the freezer door and turned toward the peck, peck, peck, coming once again from the living room. "This young lady," he said aloud and walked toward the sound.



MISSY

Tim Holcomb

Heading Home

by Jessica Guyor

When my little brother finally went off to college, my parents at last made their big move. It had always been a dream of theirs to drop everything, pack up, and move out east. After all, every year since we kids were growing up, we'd load the station wagon and head east for another of those "educational vacations." We'd stop and see it all, too, never missing a thing. Places like Norman Rockwell's house in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and The Old Man of The Mountains in Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, were among Mom and Dad's favorites. And, as a kid with a pretty sharp memory, I can remember spending countless hours in inns, gift shops, and bed-and-breakfasts throughout New England. At the time, I wasn't particularly fond of these places, but as I grew older, I realized how important the east was. It meant a lot not just to Mom and Dad, but to all those who took part in the growth of our country. And, it seemed that this was where my parents got their energy and life.

Mom was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and had lived there until she moved to Michigan. It was then that she met my father in a tiny grade school located in a small town on Lake Michigan. When Mother was young, her father was accidentally killed in a fire. As a result, her family often took trips back east to stay with her dad's family. Then, when Mom married Dad, they continued the tradition. Therefore, in the end, it wasn't so surprising that they finally did buy a home in the east.

I was having a difficult time with the move, despite the fact that it really didn't involve me. I had a life of my own in Chicago

with my husband and brand new baby. Yet, something just wasn't quite right inside as I kissed Brad and little Joshua good-bye and boarded my plane to Detroit. I was on my way home to help Mom pack. The emptiness I felt inside was unexplainable, and it wouldn't leave me alone. All of these memories and flashbacks of the house I grew up in and the special times shared kept racing through my head. No matter how open-minded I tried to be, I just couldn't accept the fact that the house I thought of as home would no longer be. It was true that Mom and Dad were fulfilling a life-long dream, but I hated change and that's all there was to it!

By the time I was driving up the long driveway to my house, I had at least gained a little composure. Sitting there, I had a somewhat clear view of my house through the tall pine trees. Our home was a salt-box style, filled with quaint antiques and a cozy woodburning stove. It was set far back from the road on the edge of the woods. There was no one around for miles, at least that's how I felt when I was a little kid and looking for someone to play with. Usually I was stuck with my older sister, Jennifer, or my dad. My days were often spent cross-country skiing, collecting maple syrup, or working on the family tree farm. We were a close family.

Jen was already home when I walked through the front door. The house looked the same. Mom and Jen were packing boxes, and they looked extremely relieved to see me.

"Jess, it's about time you got here! We've been drowning in all these boxes," Jen said, as she collapsed in a chair.

"Oh Jessica, it's so good to see you! How's Chicago? Are you still happy there? And Brad and little Joshua, how are they?" Mom asked, as she threw her arms around me, smothering me with her apron.

"Geez Mom, I can only answer one question at a time," I replied, with my usual smert aleck grin. Dropping my belongings to the floor, I sat on one suitcase, rolled up my bluejeans, and answered my mom. "Yes, I still love Chicago. Brad is doing well with his new job, and the baby is grow-

in so fast you'll hardly recognize him!"

"Oh, now don't tell me that, Jess! I'd like to be able to recognize my own grandson! For heaven's sake, you girls better bring the families and come visit us as soon as your father and I get settled."

"Don't worry, Mom; we may just decide to move out there ourselves. Steve and I are getting a little restless, and maybe we're ready for a change, too," Jen said.

"Only if it's in another part of the state," came a voice from the utility room. With my back to the door, I hadn't seen my father come in. Toppling off my suitcase, I stumbled over to greet him.

"Dad, how are ya doing?" I asked, as I threw my arms around him.

"Just fine, Whimper, I see you still have not stopped making messes," he said, glancing down at my suitcase which had opened up with my belongings sprawled onto the kitchen floor.

I'd grown accustomed to comments like that from my father. He was always giving me a hard time. So, I snapped back with a quick retort of my own.

"Well, Dad, you know I sure wouldn't want Mom to feel she was the only messy person in the house," I said cheerfully.

This sarcastic remark brought laughter to us all, since we knew how far from the truth it was. Mom kept the cleanest house in America, at least that's what Jen and I used to tell all of our friends. Mom, a perfectionist, would often spend hours just cleaning a single piece of furniture.

Dad joined us in the packing, as we spent all day putting everything in boxes. By ten, we had all collapsed in the family room on the floor in our sleeping bags. In two days, the movers would be coming to take everything out. The house would then be empty. Everyone was looking forward to it except me. Yet, I remained quiet.

Sleep didn't come easily that night, as I couldn't get moving out of my mind. While Dad was steadily snoring away, I got up from my sleeping bag and headed upstairs.

The rooms looked deserted and cold. I felt a shiver go down my spine as I headed for my parents' old bedroom. I walked in

and sat in the middle of the floor, with my face buried in my hands. My mind started drifting as I remembered the many times I had raced from my own bedroom into my parents' to find peace and security from thunderstorms or to borrow an oversized sweater from my dad for school that day. Then there was the time before my first homecoming when my date was about to arrive and Mom had to pull me into her bedroom, grab a pair of scissors, and hack off half of the bottom of my dress since the alterations lady just hadn't quite shortened it enough!

Laughing quietly as I reminisced, I went into the bedroom that Jen and I had shared while growing up. Although it was empty, I could see and feel the life that had once existed in it. I remembered the nights when we'd take our toys to bed with us and hide them under the covers until we had said our prayers with Dad. Then, we'd push our beds together, build a tent under the covers, and play with our little cars and plastic people until we'd finally drift off into a deep sleep. Later on in life, we'd still stay up late together, but now we were discussing out plans for the future and the boys we wanted to marry. But, Jen and I didn't always get along. We'd had our share of fights just like any...

"Jessica?" a voice whispered, waking me from my thoughts.

I turned to see the silhouette of my mother, groping around in the hall looking for a clue as to where I was.

"Right here, Mom. I'm in my old room," I answered in a hushed tone.

"Jess, it's three in the morning. What are you doing up?" she asked.

"Oh, I, uh, thought I heard something up here," I lied.

"Come to sleep. You'll freeze up here," she said as she pulled my arm. We went back downstairs, and she zipped me up in my sleeping bag. I zipped hers.

"Good night, Jess. Sweet dreams," she said yawning.

"I hope not," I mumbled under my breath so she couldn't hear. I didn't want to dream of the old days.

Within minutes, Mom was breathing

steadily like Jen and Dad. I didn't think it would happen, but soon I drifted off, too.

The weekend flew by, and before I knew it the movers had come and gone. On Sunday evening, Mom and I were joined by my husband Brad, who was picking me up on the way back from a business trip. We were sitting on the front porch, drinking tea and watching the sun set over Lake Michigan. Jen had already gone home. Conversation was light and casual, mostly between Bradley and my mother. I just sat listening to my husband. He was so perfect to me, and so understanding. He and Mom could probably chat for hours if they had the time.

Dad came by and started tossing my bags into our car as Brad and I were preparing to head back to Chicago.

"What in the heck is in this suitcase of yours, Whimper?" Dad asked me. "It's jammed tight, and knowing you, it's probably full of clothes you don't even wear! You never could give things up easily, could you?"

Brad and Mom laughed, and I just gently smiled at my father.

"How right you are, Pop," I replied.

Standing up, Brad followed me as we headed to the car. I kissed each of my parents as we made our farewells and promises to visit. I was heartbroken, but no one could tell from the smile I had plastered on my face. I waved as Bradley drove slowly down the long and winding driveway. He turned on the radio and began whistling a song, but I just sat staring out the window. When we had almost reached the road, a blue and white object on the side of the road caught my eye.

"Brad, Brad," I cried. "Stop the car!"

He slammed on the brakes as I jumped out my door. I ran over and picked up the object. I couldn't believe it! It looked just like the blue and white boat that my grandfather had made for me on my fifth birthday. I turned it over and looked at the bottom. There, carved into the white pine, was a message my grandpa had written to me so long ago:

Little Jessica, when you're lost in life,

let this little boat sail you home.

I stood frozen for a moment, but then I excitedly showed Brad what I had found.

"Brad, look! It's a boat my grandfather made for me when I was a little girl. I can't believe it's here! I don't know where it came from," I said, gasping.

"Maybe it fell from one of the boxes in the moving van, Jess," he answered.

"Yes, but you know Mom. I really didn't think she kept these things!"

"Well, maybe she's a little like you after all, dear," Brad said gently. "Hey, it'll be a nice toy for Joshua to have when he gets a little older."

"Yeah, you're right," I answered.

I started to get back into the car, but something made me stop. I had to go somewhere, but I wasn't sure where. Suddenly, I just took off running through the woods across the front of our property. It'd been awhile, but I knew those woods well, and it didn't take me long to reach my destination. It was at the ravine that Jen and I used to play in when I finally stopped running. The water was clear and cool, and a current flowed rapidly off into the woods. Kneeling down, I placed my blue boat into the water and watched it race down with the current.

"Good-bye, little boat," I said to the wind and the trees. "This is what Grandpa would've wanted. You've brought me home for the first and the last time."

I don't know how long I sat there, but it was until I could see my blue and white boat no longer. I didn't move though until I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Brad.

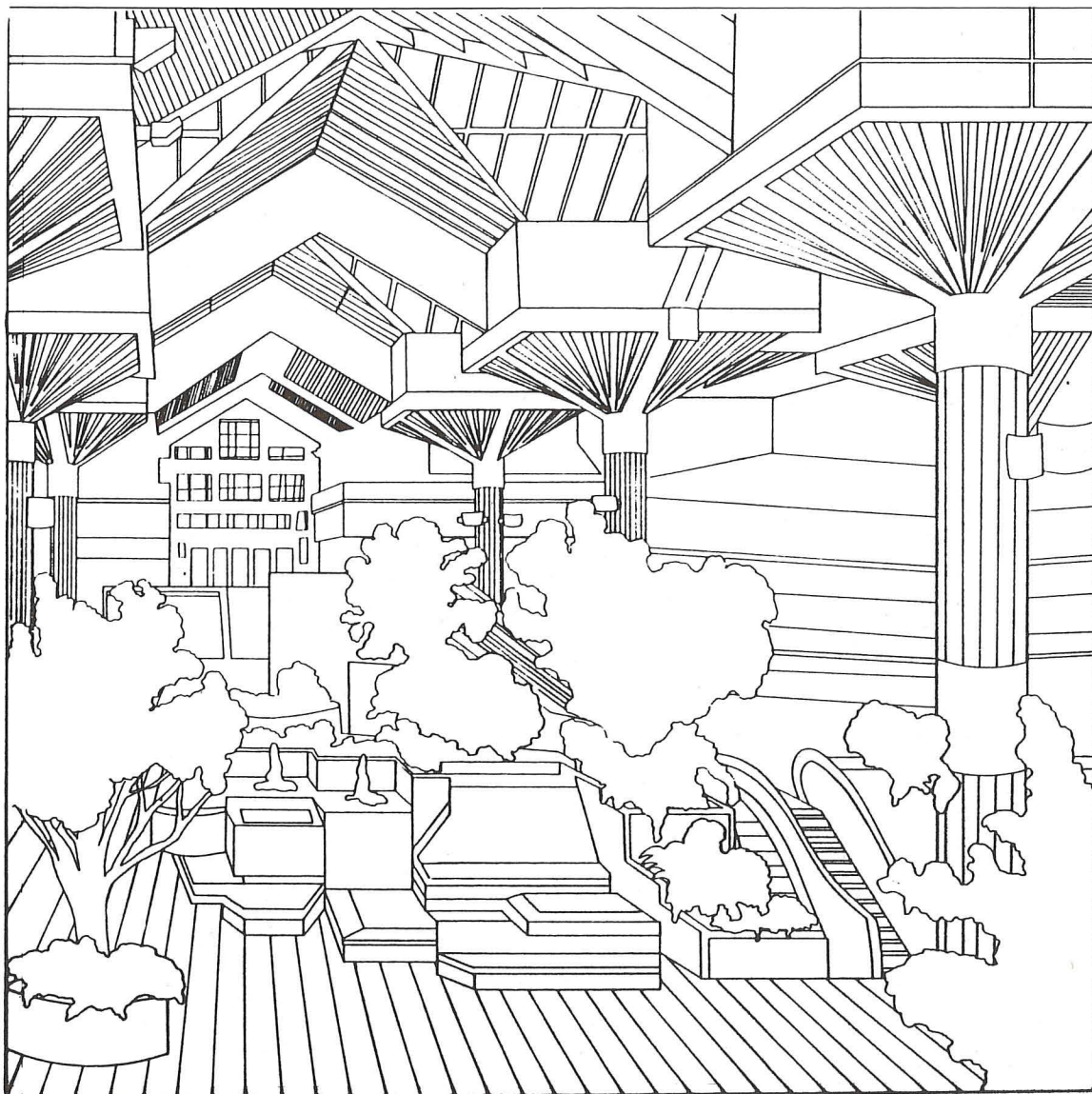
"Hey Jess," he said gently. "Let's go home."

I turned to look up at him. There was so much understanding in his eyes. Putting my hand in his, we walked back to the car past the big brown house that was in the distance on the edge of the woods. If I would've turned around, I could have seen the place I considered my home so long ago, for the last time. But, I didn't. There wasn't a need to anymore.



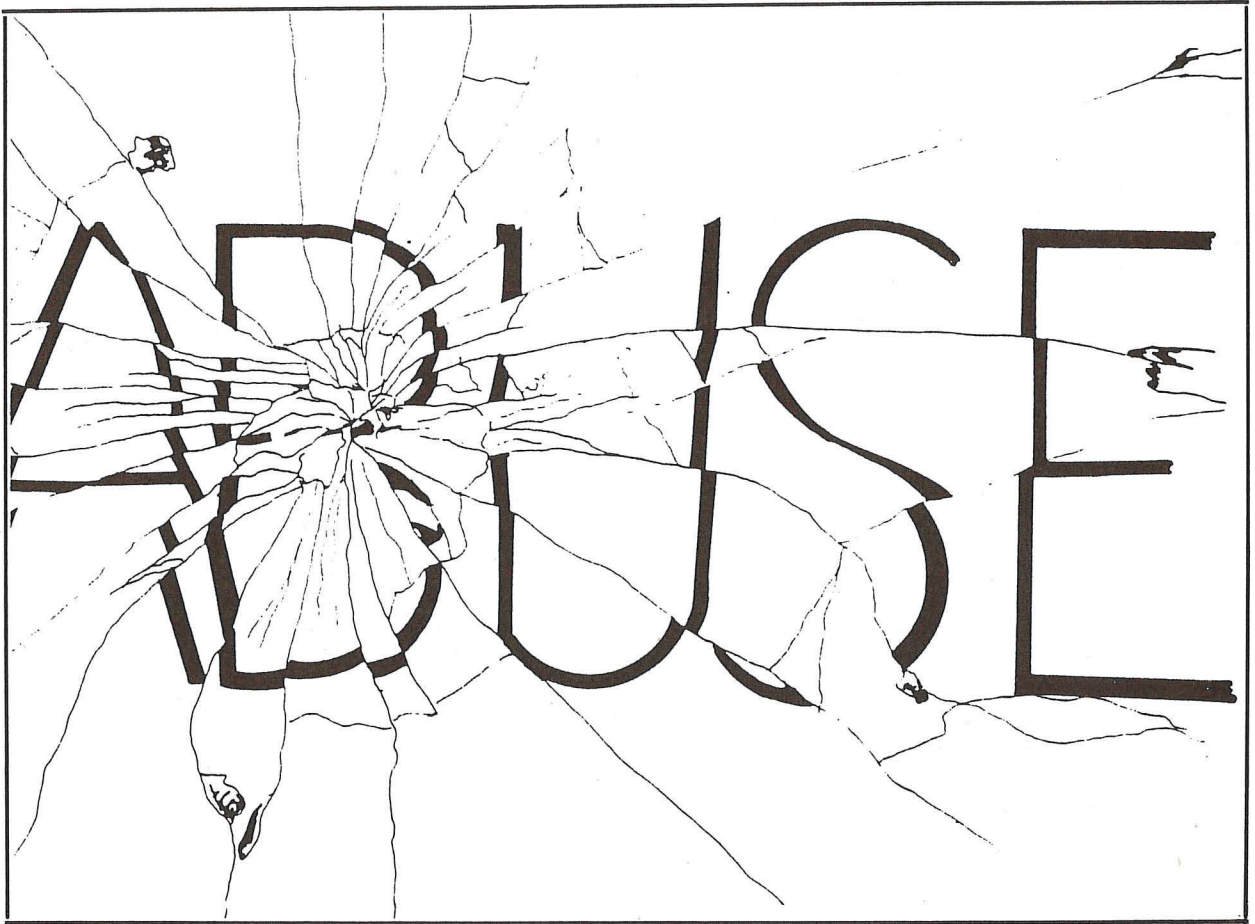
BAY MEMORIES

Kelly Zorn



READ BETWEEN THE LINES

Michelle Webb



DITTO
Christine Cote

THE BIKE TRIP

by Kathleen McConnell

"Hey, Mom!"

Monica looked up from her reading. Bright afternoon sunlight filtered into a room heavy with mid-summer air. Curtains billowed at the window behind her; a car swished by on the road out in front of the house, tires crackling on the sticky blacktop pavement. The baby was napping, her husband, Steve, was sleeping also after working the midnight shift at the air base. They'd only been stationed here a few months, but already Monica had established a household routine that allowed a small part of the afternoon just for herself. Today, the mid-summer balminess was suspended lazily for her in these few brief moments of unscheduled, uninterrupted time.

Uninterrupted, that is, until now. Mark stood before her, all eleven years and 89 pounds of him ("89-½, Mom!"), bristling with barely contained energy.

"May I ride my bike around the block?" Pleading was in his voice and in the baby-blue eyes that peeked from beneath the ever-present baseball cap. The "block" was a mile and a half of unfamiliar country road, part gravel, the rest highway, all of it frequented by semi-trucks and cars whose speed was rarely checked by city-bound police radar units. Until today, Mark had been content to ride his bike in the yard, or around and around their elderly neighbor's concrete circular driveway. Monica had naively expected this arrangement to go on indefinitely.

"Please?" He bent his head to one side and flashed a white, gap-toothed smile, a technique that had served him well in the past campaigns.

Monica smiled in spite of herself. Then, for a moment, just a moment, those pale blue eyes of his held her motionless. She saw those eyes framed in another sunburned face on another summer's day, the day she'd made a promise to herself she'd almost forgotten until now. She shuddered inwardly, chilled by the memories of the events that prompted her promise, a promise that the passing years and security of routine faded as rash, emotional decisions often do. What had happened twelve summers before seemed far removed from today, but images snaked their way unbidden into her thoughts as she deliberated his request, head against heart; images of summer, the freedom of youth, the fragility of life. Her old fears, and the fierce protectiveness of a mother's love, gave credence to that almost-forgotten promise. Seconds ticked by; Mark fidgeted, withholding further pleading with practiced effort lest he tip the weight of her indecision to anger.

How could you have forgotten, she chided herself. Did you think he'd eventually lose interest in the bike and turn to safer pursuits? Did you expect to keep him safely beside you forever? She was faced with a decision that had to be made now, without the benefit of her husband's counsel. Steve would be logical, taking into consideration the diligently-earned Official Bicycle Safety Certificate, signed by the city police chief, that resided in Mark's hip pocket as he stood before her now. Steve would sense Mark's eagerness and respond to that youthful urge for risk and challenge as Monica's spirit had once responded to a young girl on a bicycle whose red hair flew behind her in the wind. Steve would never be "overprotective" as he'd accused her of being on more than one occasion.

"Oh, go ahead!" The reluctance in her voice checked his exuberance, and for a fraction of an instant he hesitated. Then, wrapping his already angular arms around her neck, he touched his still baby-fuzzed cheek to hers and turned to walk to the garage with solemn dignity.

Monica glanced at her watch as she went to the front door. She followed her son's progress as he coasted his gleaming bicycle down the long driveway. Fifteen minutes should be all he'd need for the trip, she estimated.

She went slowly back to the couch and picked up her book again, then restlessly set it down. Ghosts of that other summer day snuffed out whatever had remained of her mid-day quietude. Blue eyes had looked at her then, too; eyes glazed and unseeing while a warm breeze rippled across the cornfields and the tires of passing cars cracked

on the pavement of a country road.

It had been Monica's birthday. She and her husband, Steve, were headed into town for some quick shopping before his afternoon shift at the Air Force base. Life was settling into a comfortable, domestic routine now that Steve was back from a year's stint in Viet Nam. They were like newlyweds, becoming reacquainted after that tense, lonely year, reestablishing their closeness and ready to start a little family of their own. Already Monica was suspicious of the early-morning queasiness that seemed to last into the afternoon, the tiredness while she waited on customers in the department store where she worked part time, the wondering, secret knowledge that some vital miracle was taking place within her, part of her yet separate from her.

Today the sun sparkled everywhere, blanketing the green farmland that surrounded the little Eastern seaboard town where Steve was based. Coming toward them on the opposite side of the highway were two bicyclists, loaded with backpacks and camping equipment. As they passed, Monica saw the young girl in the lead, thick red hair flying in the wind, freckled face alive with the sheer joy of youth and independence. Monica felt a momentary surge of longing to follow them, unfettered by responsibilities, toward exciting new adventures. A quick glance at Steve caught his understanding smile, and she was reminded again how good their life was together, how full of small, shared adventures.

Steve turned his attention back to driving, glancing perfunctorily in the rear view mirror. Suddenly, his foot pressed the brake and he steered the car toward the shoulder of the road, making a U-turn, and heading back in the direction they'd just come.

"Someone's been hit." His terse and toneless answer to her unspoken question was somehow more chilling than a shout, and she was filled with dread at what they might see ahead. He parked the car on the opposite shoulder of the road, spraying gravel behind them. With the same unquestioning sense of duty toward another human in crisis, they rushed toward the place where another car was stopped, engine running, driver sitting in stunned silence with his door open.

"It should have been me," the elderly man behind the wheel repeated weakly, over and over, as Monica rested her hand on his shoulder. Just beyond, a ten-speed bike lay in twisted ruin, one wheel spinning languidly, spokes glinting in the sunlight. On the ground behind the car was the still body of the red-haired bicyclist. Her pale blue eyes stared sightlessly as the life ebbed from her.

Steve's first aid training was useless here. His recent combat experience told him that without a doubt as he knelt beside the prone girl; but Monica, refusing to acknowledge the truth, spoke softly to the girl as her companion wailed her friend's name into the incongruous brightness of the June morning. Suzanne.

"It's all right, Suzanne," she whispered, "you're going to be all right." Cars swished slowly by on the sticky pavement, drivers and passengers gawking. A few stopped to offer help. One of them, a kindly looking middle-aged woman with neatly arranged, graying hair, approached Suzanne's distraught friend and tried to lead her away.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" she shrieked, pulling her arm from the woman's gentle grasp.

"Oh, when will they get here? When, When, When?" Suzanne's companion was pale and frantic as she searched the distance for a sign of the ambulance a passer-by had summoned from the nearby air base. Monica realized the girl must be in shock. She stood and spoke quietly to her.

"The base is only ten minutes away," she lied. It was twenty at best, but the girl looked at her with desperate hope, wanting to hear whatever lies Monica could tell.

"Everything will be all right." Lies, lies. Would anything ever be all right again for any of them?

At last, sirens screamed in rising decibels. They watched the hearse-like Air Force vehicle come up beside them as two attendants leapt out. Monica turned away as they lifted Suzanne onto a stretcher, at once closing the pale blue eyes and covering the lifeless form with a sheet. It was a blue sheet, she noticed absently, the color of Suzanne's eyes. Monica wondered if Suzanne had been a runaway; or had she begged and pleaded with reluctant parents to be allowed this trip, this summer chance of a lifetime?

Steve's arm came around her while they walked back to their car. This birthday that had been so full of promise

now seemed to be a part of a bad dream as if the whole world were encased in a giant, airless bubble and they were trapped within. Monica sat shivering in the front seat, her arms wrapped tightly around herself in an unconscious gesture of protectiveness as they drove away toward home. She knew, with a flood of grief, that their lives would be changed forever by the events of this day. Although she knew, too, that there was little either of them could do but accept that fact and go on, she felt the need for some kind of symbolic action, something to signify that Suzanne's death would not be in vain. It was then that Monica made the promise to herself: no child of hers would ever be allowed to ride a bicycle alone on a busy street.

That was twelve years ago. They'd moved almost as many times since then, going wherever Steve's orders took him. Mark had grown, gaining independence in small measures while Monica had tried hard to accommodate this growth by relaxing some of her rigid strictness. However, the memories of that long ago summer day came now too easily, and her promise hung in the air like a mocking ghost. Monica shook her head involuntarily, as if trying to rid herself of it. The air in the house began to feel uncomfortably close. She glanced at her watch again. Fifteen minutes exactly had passed, yet Mark was nowhere in sight. Maybe she'd underestimated the time, she thought, as a tiny flutter of panic began in her chest. She looked toward the road where Mark would be completing the last leg of his trip, the corner where the highway met their own street. Trees blocked her view. She decided to walk down to the end of the driveway from where the corner was clearly visible. She could weed the flowered boarder, although she'd weeded it the previous day, without appearing to be the anxious mother she was. Feeling a little silly at what logic told her was indeed overprotectiveness, she nevertheless went down to the end of the driveway and began to pluck a few dead blossoms from a struggling geranium. She furtively glanced once more toward the corner. At last! There was Mark, pedaling conscientiously toward home with boyish grace.

Monica returned with studied casualness to her task as Mark hurtled past her, up the curving driveway, granting her a brief, triumphant, sweaty-faced grin.

"Hi, Mom!" he called. She heard the precise click of the kickstand echo in the garage, followed shortly thereafter by the thunderous splash of 89(½) pounds of boy diving into the backyard pool.

"Ahhh!" Monica could hear his vigorous sigh from where she knelt. She smiled as she bent again over the flowers, their riot of pinks, fuchsias, and reds suddenly blinding her with outrageous vibrance. No need to appear overly concerned by asking him just yet how his first solo bike trip felt. There would be plenty of time later, perhaps while he stretched out on the deck under the sun's cocoon-like warmth; plenty of time for him to regale her with the virtues of his new machine: how smoothly the bike rode, how sharply it turned corners, how quickly it stopped at his slightest pressure on the brakes. He'd wisely leave out the part about pulling over for a semi to pass, and almost skidding on the gravel when he tried to slow down. Steve would hear that later, and repeat it innocently to Monica with a chuckle of manly pride. She'd shudder, lying in the dark, recreating the scene in her head, while asking herself "What if?"

But now she felt a calm security, the completeness that a mother feels only when her family is home and accounted for, safe from the ever-threatening world outside of her domain. Now she could look forward to a few moments of relaxation by the pool while Mark wove tales of his adventure, before the baby woke up, before she had to wake Steve, before the afternoon dwindled toward dinner time.

So what if (she just noticed) there were a few weeds she'd missed yesterday afterall? They'd be there tomorrow. And so, God willing, would Steve, and the baby, and Mark, and the world with all its threats and joys. And, of course, the bicycle.



SUNGLASSES?

Scott Markel

Haiku

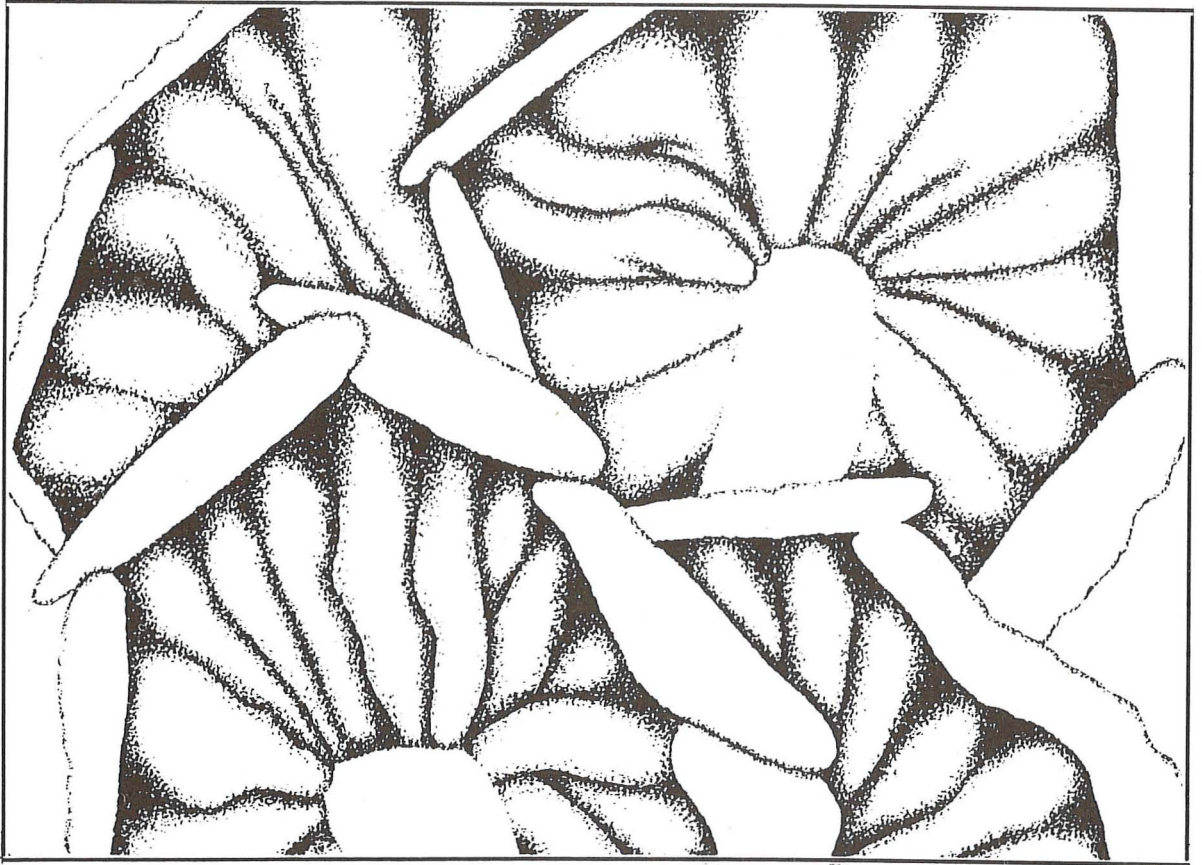
by Marlene Taylor

Two things in the spring:
The smell of apple blossoms,
Memories of home.

Summer evening:
Across the neighboring yards
A young child's laughter.

Autumn reflection--
A music box from childhood
Sadly sings to me.

A sudden flurry--
Cats fighting in a snowdrift
Scattering my thoughts.



SHROOMS

Joe Foster

Thanksgiving With a Twist

by James Hall Lacek, Jr.

On Thanksgiving we go to Grandma's house and have dinner. After the dinner, my family talks, laughs, and leaves. The same type of holiday every year, there is never a twist. However, Thanksgiving, 1988, turned out to be quite different. We still went to Grandma's house and acted like the traditional family with the talking, the laughing, and the leaving. The day still looked like the Thanksgiving of old until I received a phone call from my friend, Ron. He had an idea that sounded like fun. Ron thought that he and I should go to a strip club in Canada. I didn't see anything bizarre about that until he mentioned that my two brothers, Chris and Rick, would be accompanying us. Once I discovered Ron's true intentions, I knew Thanksgiving was not going to be the same holiday that it had been in the past.

The time was 9:00 p.m. Ron pulled in the driveway in his old, beat-up Cutless. Because the horn of his car didn't work, Ron had to come to the door and get us. Chris, Rick, Ron, and I were walking through the front door in a single file line when we heard a question that is asked everytime we leave the house in such an orderly fashion.

"Where are you boys going?" my parents asked.

This threw anarchy into our delicate plan. It seemed that not one of us had expected this question to be

asked. The four of us had to think fast. We had to think of a believable place that was going to be open on Thanksgiving.

"Did you hear me? I asked where the four of you were going." My mother sounded impatient. She knew we were plotting something evil.

"We are going to Canada, mom, for an innocent night on the town," Rick said, sounding as phony as a football player with an I.Q. over 150 named Jock B. Me.

"To Canada, what is in Canada?" My mother demanded an answer.

"Backstage is mom," Rick said with an ear to ear smile. "It is a teen nightclub."

"Oh, well, have fun and be careful," my mother finally said.

We made it through the front door. Phase one had been completed, leaving three more phases we had to conquer.

Phase two was the bridge. We pulled up to the booth on the passenger side. I glanced to my right and noticed the custom officer. At this point in time my heart seemed to skip about six beats. This man was about six feet ten weighing about three hundred pounds. He had a look on his face that implied, "I don't like people." He asked me the four questions that are asked each time I go over the bridge: "Where do you live? Why are you coming to Canada? Do you have any alcohol? Do you have an guns?" I answered the questions to the best of my ability. Then he smiled and let us go through. The four of us were breathing easy now. We didn't think that we would get across, especially with a custom officer who looked like he would pull his own

mother over if she looked suspicious.

Phase two had been beaten. Next we had to get through the door of the club. The age limit was nineteen, but that wasn't a problem. There isn't anything we can do about rules, but respect them. The problem was that only Ron and I were nineteen and able to walk in legally. That meant that Chris, 17, and Rick, 15, would have to walk in illegally. Rick went in, and the bouncer said hi and asked him how it was going. Chris was next, and bouncer did the same exact thing. Ron followed, and once again the bouncer was a great guy and told him the have a great time, It was now my turn to go in. I walked to the bouncer, and he was no longer his mother's favorite son. In the last three seconds he had become a living nightmare. He demanded to see my driver's license. I was puzzled. He just let a fifteen-year-old and a seventeen-year-old enter the establishment. I am of age, and he was carding me. After about two minutes, I finally was able to enter, but first I had to help the bouncer with a difficult math problem. I was born in April of 1969 and this was November of 1988, meaning I was nineteen. The bouncer could not make this problem work. I showed him how I came up with nineteen and thought to myself, "What a bright man; his mother must be proud."

Phase three was conquered. Phase four was the only one that remained. It was now time to have fun. We pulled up four chairs in the pervert row. This was the row that sits right along the stage and receives most of the action. I ordered myself a

drink and then I looked at my brother Rick. I saw a look in his face that I have never seen before. His eyes didn't move; his eyelids didn't blink; and his head didn't leave the forty-five degree angle that was required to view the stage and the dancer. Time passed, and as time passed, Rick changed. He was no longer the innocent boy I had brought with me. Rick had turned into a man. He had turned into a warped and twisted, man, but, nevertheless, a man. Rick started to rock to the music and do things that I didn't even do. He took a dollar bill from his wallet and folded it to half its original size. Next he placed it in his mouth and waited for the dancer. She took the bill in a way I didn't think was quite possible. I looked over at Rick who had his ear to ear smile again. I knew he was living a night he wouldn't soon forget.

We stayed until closing. On our way home all we did was look back upon the evening and reflect on the events that had taken place. Rick at fifteen, had an experience that would last him a lifetime. I think that all four of us will never forget Thanksgiving 88. After all, it turned out to be the first time Thanksgiving had a twist.

On A String

by Jessica Guyor

A diamond flying in the sky
Raising and gliding
-yet not too high
A secure height you soared with me.

A backbone of wood
Sturdy and firm
-yet not unbreakable
A cross of strength you made me.

A thread with bows
Fancy and lavish
-yet not extravagant
An ornament you decorated me.

A rectangle of sorts
Square and sided
-yet without figure
A frame you built upon.

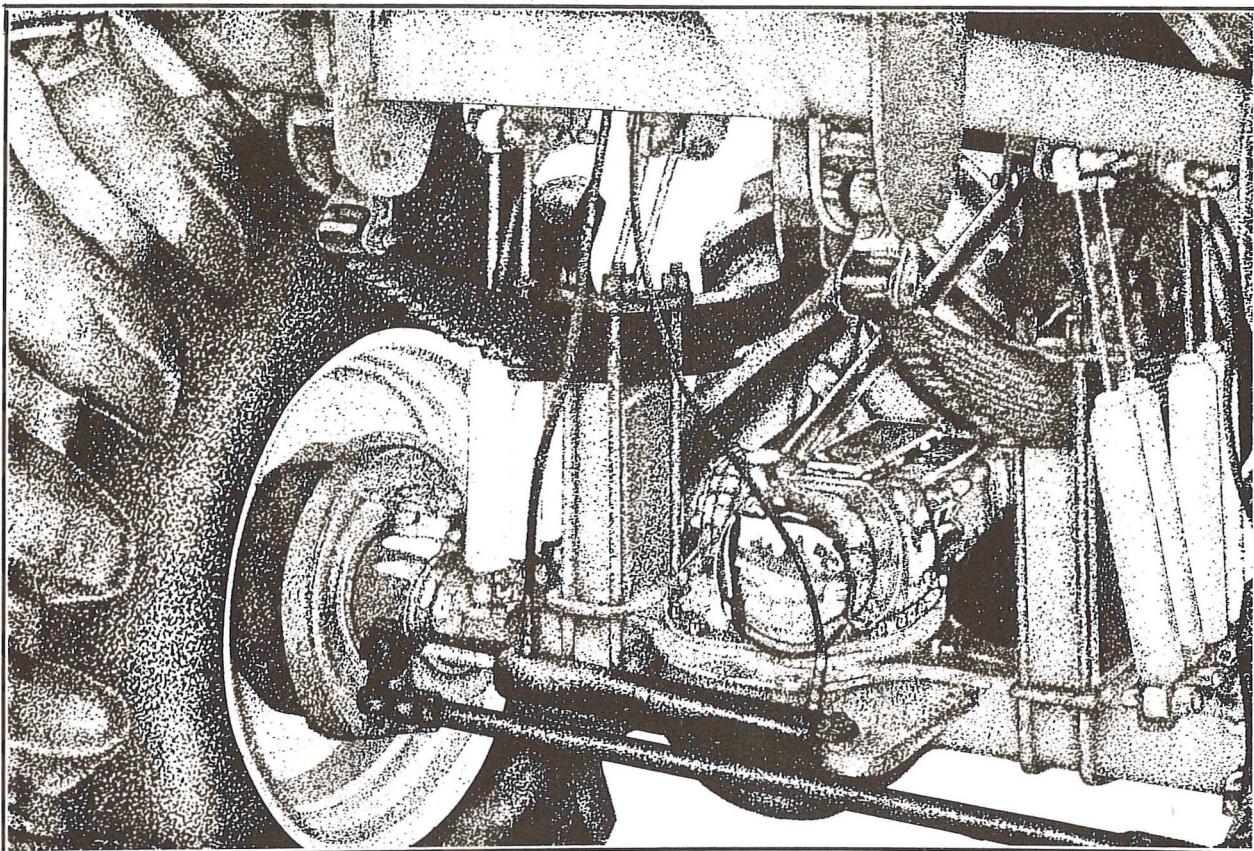
A heart of string
Tightly bound and held
-yet not too close
An appropriate distance you kept me.

A journey with the wind we took
Uplifted and surpassing
-yet this time too high
And I became
A kite you let go in the wind.

Landlords

by Pat Erno

There is no doubt
the blue jays
own this place
patrolling it every
morning and
evening,
divebombing poor
robins who
rummage through
leafshells,
disbanding at noon
to argue policy
from branches.
The cardinal knows
retreating to
high sanctuary
to watch with one eye.



OUT - RAGEOUS WHEELS

Rick Faszczewski

My Dear, Sweet Daisy

by Michael J. Fletcher

I was eight years old before the arrival of my ninth birthday. I realize in full awareness that this milestone is somewhat insignificant to most people now, but as I look back into my past, perhaps my ninth birthday was one of the most influential days of my life. It was the day I met Daisy, my first BB-gun.

Up until I was in the seventh grade, I lived in the country. The closest town was about four to five miles away, and that "town" is legally not even a town, but a mere village of a very small population. Most of the people who lived in this rural area were either farmers, or were employed by farmers. My dad was one of the few exceptions. He worked for Detroit Edison at the Greenwood plant, which was fairly close to the town of Peck, the small village of my origin.

I wasn't totally alienated from all forms of society, though. I had a best friend, Mark Johnson. We were like two peas in a pod, he and I. We did everything together, and were rarely apart. He lived about a half-mile north of my house, on his farm. His dad was a dairy farmer, and we never ran out of fun and interesting things to do. Like most eight-year olds, many of the activities we took part in involved some sort of mischief in one way or another. And there was just

nothing more exciting than "guarding" the big, red barn from all types of intruders, with the aid of our trusty BB-guns.

Up until my ninth birthday, I didn't have a BB-gun of my very own. I had to go over to Mark's farm and use one of his. His father had about five of them all together. He used them to herd in the cows from the pasture, but Mark and I used them for much more important "missions." Our most common effort was to free the farm from the evil domination of the R.A.T. (Rodent Alliance of Today) army. Mark's dad would give us a dime apiece for every dead rodent-type pest we brought him. Talk about enjoying your job, did we ever have fun.

So I envied my best friend for what seemed like an eternity. My dad had told me that I could have a BB-gun for my birthday, but when you're eight years old, any amount of time over a week is intangible. I could barely stand the next two months of waiting. And all this time, I was envious of my friends' "limitless" supply of sheer firepower. He had a lot of BB-guns, but my favorite was his Daisy "one-pump" anniversary edition. It was his favorite, too, so whenever we went out "hunting" he always took it, and I got one of the older models.

Now, my reasons for being jealous were many in number, and all were very well founded. Every time I went to his house, I would go up to his room and just admire this work of art with every ounce of want and desire in my little body. I would run my hand down the long, black barrel. Every once in a while, I would raise the stock to my shoulder and pretend to end the life of an evil Comanche, or any other bad guy, for that matter. All the time I was doing this, I would cuss-out Mark for

any scratches that were caused by his foolish carelessness. And I swore that after I received my weapon, I would keep it "showroom new" until the day I die.

The time before my birthday crawled at a snail's pace. Finally, it was the night before my birthday. I went to bed at about 7:00 p.m.; I wanted the night to fly-by because of all my excitement. But my plan failed, and sleep evaded me the entire evening. That was one of the longest nights in history. All I could think about was the huge, enemy army invading the United States. And the only thing standing between my country and total bondage was nine-year old Mickey Fletcher, and his trusty Daisy "one-pump."

My lack of sleep did not hinder my excitement the following morning, however. I was up "bright an early" and more than ready for that long, one-hour trip to Port Huron, the legendary city where Daisy lived. But my Dad made me wait until after lunch before we left; time slowed even more until noon.

When we left, I was totally oblivious to what was going on around me. My family all got in the car, and we were on our way. I sat up straight and looked out the windows as the country flew by the sides of our car. My little brother and sister were lying on top of each other sleeping before we were even half way there. I couldn't even think about sleep at a time like this, how could they?

We finally arrived at our destination, Ace Hardware. This was the big moment; I ran into the store with all the excitement of a nine-year old. I knew exactly where to go; I had been there before with my dad. I got to the gun counter before anyone else did. As I pressed my freckled nose against the glass, terror filled my little heart. I saw all sorts of regular BB-guns, but where

was Daisy? My Dad came up behind me and put his big, strong hand on my shoulder. He apparently noticed my dilemma and quickly asked the man behind the counter about my beloved Daisy "one-pump." The man looked down at me and smiled, which for some reason relieved me. And from the back of the wooden case behind him, he produced a long, white box. He told my Dad and me that it was the last one, and then mentioned how lucky I was to receive such a wonderful gift. I most readily agreed.

I ran out of the store even faster than when I entered it, leaving my dad at the check-out counter. I dove into the back seat, loudly proclaiming that my quest was successful. I immediately opened the box and ran my hand down her long, black barrel. Then I said aloud, "Daisy, I love you!" My brother and sister looked at me like I was weird; my Mom just smiled. I felt proud, for this was the best day of my life.

Soon my dad came out, and I immediately noticed the brown paper bag that he was carrying. He entered the car and asked me if I had forgotten something. Quickly, I acknowledged my sincere gratitude toward him for purchasing such a wonderful present for my ninth birthday. He told me that I was welcome and handed me the paper sack that he was holding.

I felt a large sense of stupidity when I looked in the bag and discovered that I had forgotten the ammunition for my pride and joy. The sack contained a carton of five-thousand "copper-head" BBs, by far the highest-quality projectiles available anywhere. Again, I thanked my father.

I had fully expected to head straight home after I had obtained my prize, but the rest of my family had other ideas. Since we lived in the country, a trip to

Port Huron usually meant playing with the toys in K-Mart, while my mother and sister liked to walk uptown through the clothing stores. But today was different; I had no feeling of elation to hear that the "ladies" would stay uptown for awhile, while the "men" went on up to K-Mart. I refused to go into the store with my dad and brother. This was partly because I wanted to stay with my Daisy, and partly because I thought that my absence would cause them to come out all the quicker. I really wanted to get my Daisy home and put her through her paces.

After what seemed like an eternity, my brother came sprinting out to the car with a rubber dinosaur clutched in his little hand. Apparently, Dad must have felt sorry for him because I had gotten such a wonderful gift, and he hadn't. I unlocked the door, and he quickly explained his excitement to me as he dove into the back seat, growling and pretending to be a monster himself. My father was still only about halfway to the car, so I took this moment alone with Benji to explain just how much better my gift was over his. I had to keep him in his place on my big day. He started to cry, and when my dad got in the car, he quickly clarified that the gifts were equally good and special. He also shot a dirty look in my direction, as if he knew that I was the origin of my brother's distress. We quickly went back into town to pick up my mother and sister.

It started to rain slightly on our ride home. This was not going to hinder my night with Daisy; I would be sure of that. But my Dad had his share of fun by telling me I couldn't go out in the rain. I told him that I wouldn't get wet, and he just smiled, so I knew he was only teasing me. The ride seemed to last forever, but soon I began noticing the trees and

other familiar landmarks that were found near my home. And my excitement hit a high point when our front wheels hit the driveway. I was ready to try out my Daisy.

The white box and brown paper bag were left by the car, while I made like a deer for the woods. I heard my mom call to my back that dinner would be ready in an hour. This, however, meant nothing to me because I didn't have a watch. I fully intended to play with my Daisy until she called me, and I quickly had her loaded and ready for action.

I shot at anything and everything. If it moved, I shot it. If it stayed still, I shot it, too. I had an incredible feeling of power; I was invincible with my Daisy. Then I heard the sound of the enemy, tearing up the path behind me. I had to act fast. I cocked, spun, and fired.

Well, I wasn't exactly fond of my sister, and sometimes I did consider her my enemy. But when I shot her in the ankle, I wished to be a dear friend, who she would never tell on. No such luck. She didn't even stop to hear an apology. While running to the house, she kept on screaming that she had been shot. She screamed so loudly that I felt the whole country must have heard about it by then. But even worse, I knew my father had.

I followed the path my sister took but not nearly the same pace she had. I was not at all anxious to face my Dad after the stupid thing I had just done. As I came around the back of the house, I saw my father standing with his arms crossed, glowering at me. I knew that I'd had it.

After a swift kick in the pants and a short, but fiery lecture, I found myself Daisyless for the rest of my ninth birthday. I was upset, but it wasn't so bad. I knew that I would be able to show Mark my Daisy the very next day. Boy, would he be jealous! Mine was shiny and new,

and his had scratches on it.

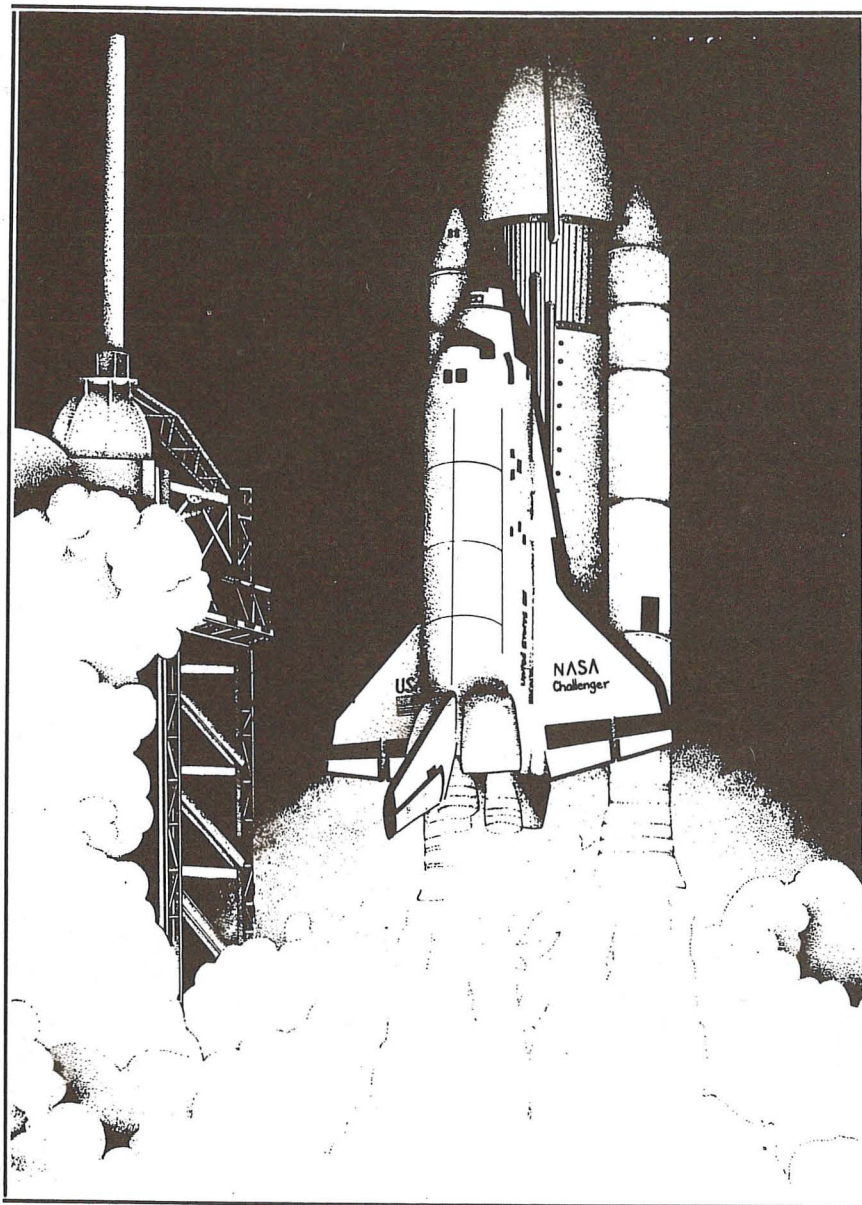
My sister was still whimpering by the time I got into the house. I felt bad, but I knew she was over-reacting, just for attention. I had been shot many times by all sorts of BB-guns, and it only stings for a minute. But even still, I had to apologize and make it sound as though I was truly sincere.

That, for the most part, was my ninth birthday. I retired to bed as early as I had the night before. I couldn't wait to show Mark my Daisy; I felt so proud.

Now Daisy lies, old and broken, in a large box in my basement. Her wild and reckless days of adventure are long since over. But I still carry a part of her with me even today. I still love to shoot things, with the exception of my sister, Amy. And I still think that guns are one of the most beautiful of man's creations.

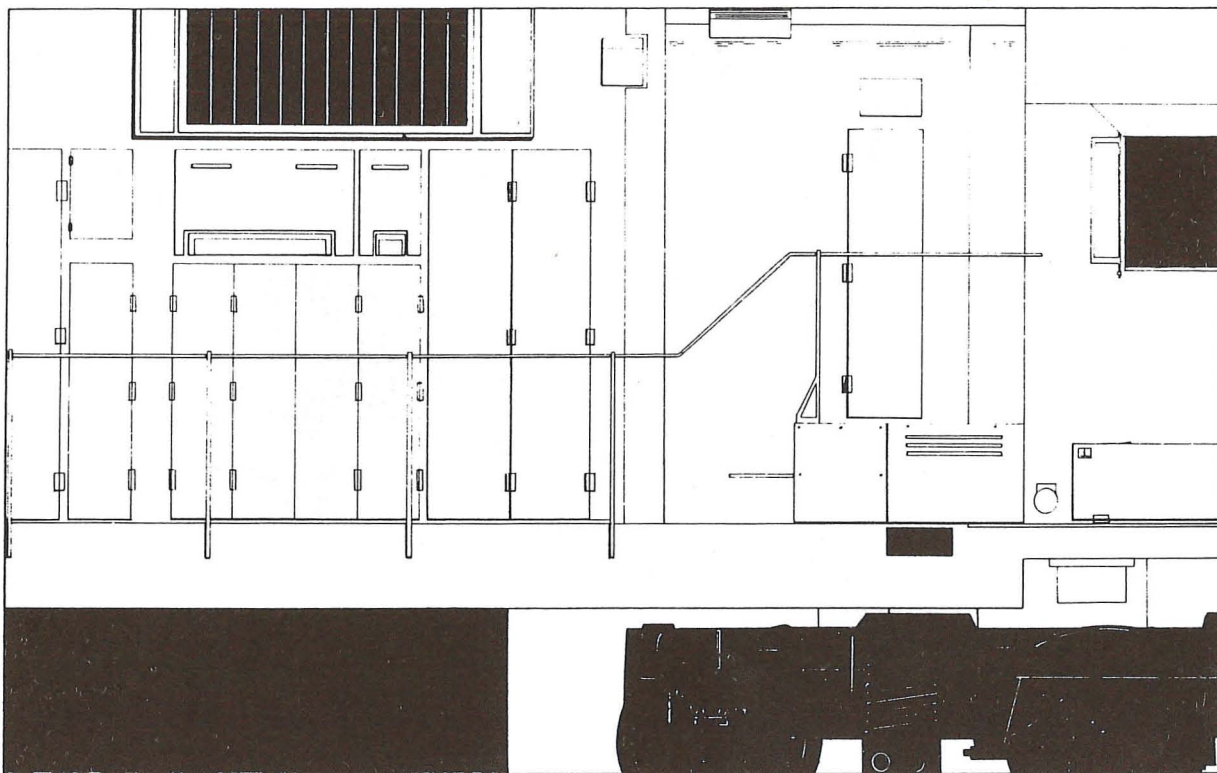
But now I am eighteen, and for my nineteenth birthday my Dad is going to get me a .44 magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world. Boy, I can't wait. I know that I'll take good care of her; I'll make sure that she looks "show-room" new until the day I die. My dad says that I have to think up a good name for her, but he didn't even have to mention it.

I'll name her Daisy.

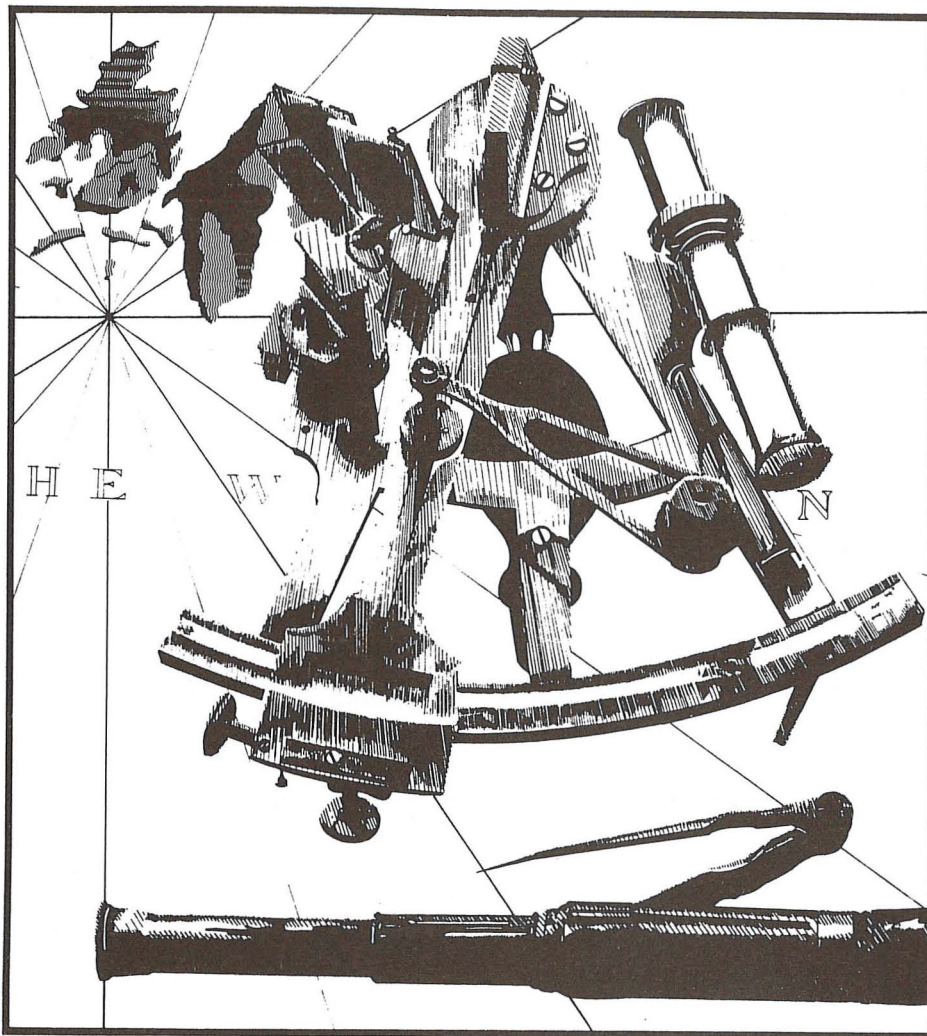


ANTICIPATION

Jason Gamache



ON THE RAILS
Brian Fischer



STAR TRACKING

Rick Gutierrez

KYRIE ELEISON

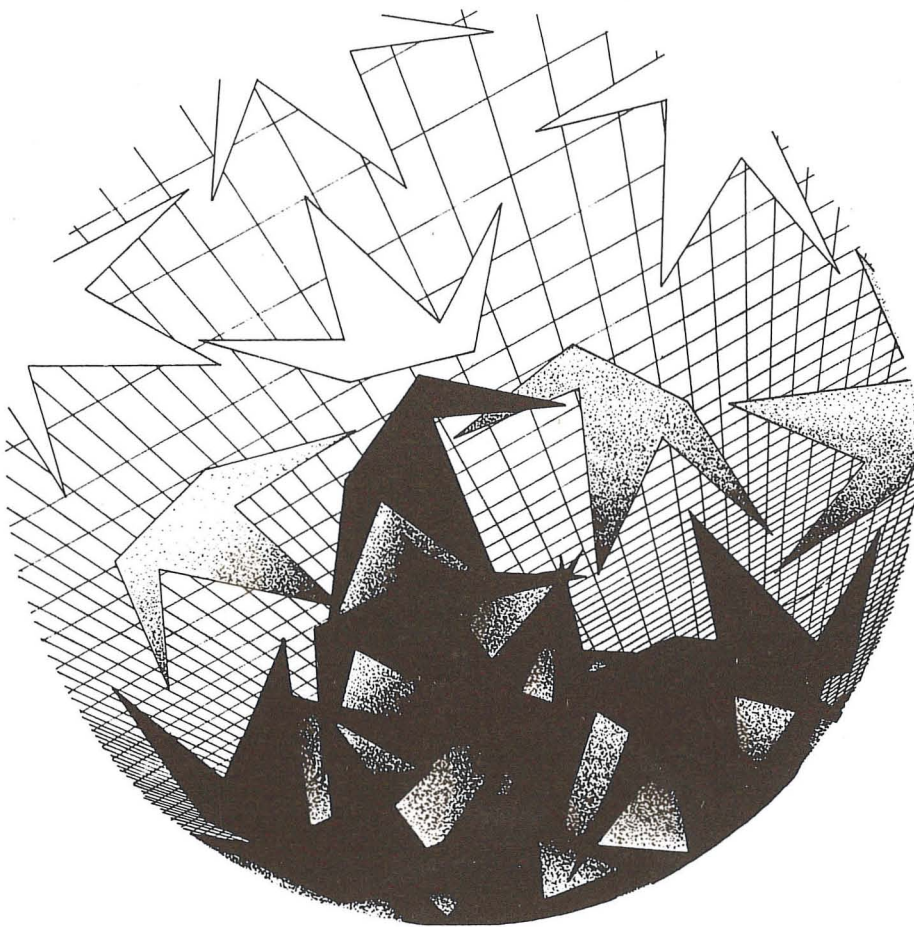
(THE MORNING AFTER THE STORM)

by K.C. Lazzari

All night long the battle raged.
Thunder crashed, lightning flashed
upon the city street. The sea
rose up to meet the sky & tried
to drag it down to drown
beneath the waves.

Slowly passed the hours until
exhausted, spent, the armies stilled,
lay down their arms, withdrew, & crept
away. Small rainbows, tiny corpses lay
dead on the pavement.

And the gray dawn wept in mourning.



STAR SPHERE

Rob Webb

Pursuing The Sea

by Ruth Peuler

Go ahead, laugh at me
Envyng sailboards
Cavorting in the autumn breeze.
Sail, sock and flag prance
 their glee.
Wind bleaching outreached leaves
All motion
Teasing my emotions.

Harnessed, I laugh
Uphauling sail and soul
Lurch and launch to soar
 seaward.
Balance rig and vigor of tide
Juiced on jump and jibe,
Chilled,
 I strain
 to ease into
 the thrill.



FOREST & SILOUETTE

Mary Beecher

A RAINBOW OF BEAUTY

by Shannon Galant

At a quick glance by an unsuspecting passerby, my grandfather's yard seems to look like many other yards in the city. It has the usual: a house, garage, sidewalk, and driveway. But on a second glance, it is found to be far from ordinary. My grandfather changed his yard from just average to a garden-lover's utopia. He has nurtured every seedling into a thriving, healthy plant. His backyard is a rainbow, with every imaginable color represented.

On either side of his driveway there is a border of mixed flowers and shrubs. Some of the residents of these column-shaped flower beds grow to such heights that they hang over into the driveway and often get run over by the cars that use the driveway.

At the back door, there is a pink stone patio. On either side of this patio, there are flower beds. To the left of the patio, there is a rectangular bed of roses. These roses are in rows of eight to ten and are many different colors. The colors range from bright red to yellow and from white to peach. Some even consist of more than one color - yellow with red tipped petals, or white with red spots scattered throughout. To the right side of the patio, there are several mum plants. Next to the mums, there are a few clumps of four-o'clocks. These flowers, like

their name suggests, open around four o'clock each afternoon. There are usually many four-o'clock seeds scattered on the ground and also still stuck on the plant. To the left of the four-o'clocks, there is the gypsophila. This plant, with its small, white, lacy flowers, bestows a delicate grace upon all it overlooks.

To the right of the driveway is the lawn, which is outlined by more flower beds. These flower beds are encased by railroad ties. By the back fence on the left side is a tall pine tree. This pine tree seems to look over the rest of the yard. Beneath this tree are multitudes of various flowers. Toward the other end, at the back of the house, is a crimson maple. This tree is blessed with extremely striking, large leaves. On the right side of the lawn, by the tall wooden fence, is the lilac bush. This medium sized bush supplies the yard with its heavenly scent and lovely clumps of delicate white and lavender flowers. On the far side of the house is a path of rock slabs. This path leads to a patch of strawberry plants. These plants not only have beautiful white flowers, but those white flowers turn into a deliciously sweet fruit.

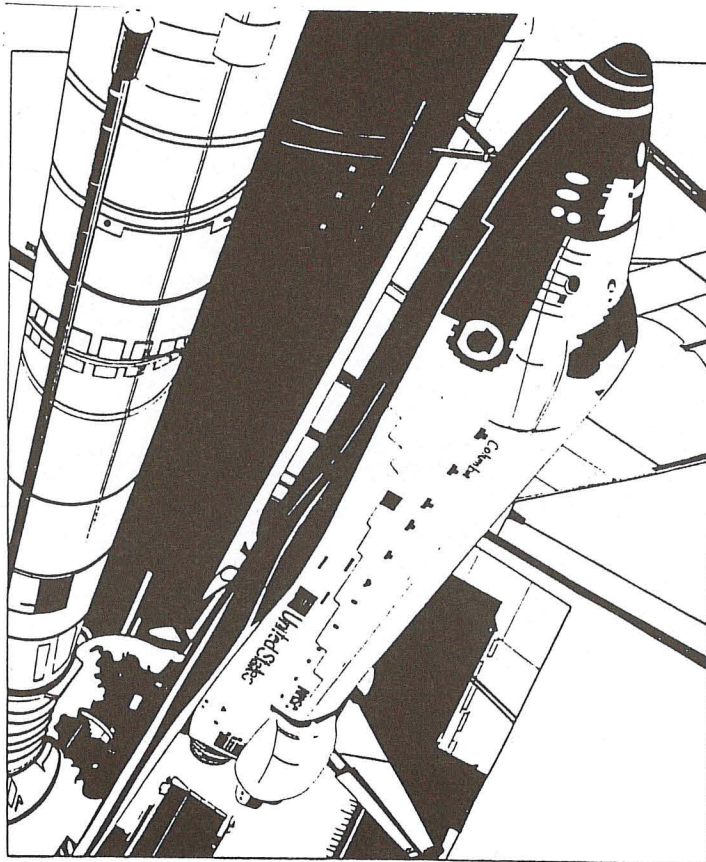
Scattered in many places around the yard are small flowers. Some of these are pansies, with their smiling faces that look up at you, daisies with their orange button noses, speckled orange orchids, lazy long-stemmed lilies, canary yellow daffodils, brilliantly colored tulips, and black-eyed susans.

The grass is always a radiant shade of green. This is kept well fertilized, free of weeds, watered, and perfectly manicured.

It is as if the flowers have made a silent oath to blend each of their individual scents into one. This combined scent is like a collage of perfumes, each merging harmoniously to lace the warm summer's breeze with its mellow fragrance. Many a summer's evening has been spent sitting on lawn chairs in the driveway eating ice-cream (smothered with fresh strawberries), listening to the sounds of the city, and inhaling

the slight breeze that constantly brought us that delightful barrage of perfumed air.

This yard is a real rainbow, not only in color but in the feeling it gives the viewer. Rainbows and flowers both bring different feelings to different people. In the case of this flower bed, it brings about a gleam of hope and a sparkle of happiness to all those who see it. This seems to be as good a reason as any to take a good look at the fruits of other people's labor, for it can brighten one's day.



MOON VIEW

Becky West



NIGHT MYSTERY

Kathleen Bartling

EGRET ON ST. JOHN'S MARSH

by K.C. Lazzari

We said farewell as summer paled.
You reached for the sun & wheeled away,
stretching your wide white
wings against blue sky.

What called you back
while Winter yet walks the marsh?

Egret, again I say farewell.
This time you do not turn;
Earth-bound cloud,
Splayed, broken, your wide white
wings against black ice.



STUMPED

Janine Murphy



WINTER'S BEGINNING

Mary Beecher

I Stand Here Ironing

by Kathleen McConnell

"I Stand Here Ironing" by Tillie Olsen is the chronicle of a mother's reflections on the raising of her daughter, who is now nineteen years old. The mother's reverie is sparked by a question asked of her by, we presume, a teacher. The teacher thinks the daughter, Emily, needs help and she'd like the mother's assistance in helping her. While on one hand the mother mentally disclaims being the only influence in her daughter's life, citing, "There is all that life that has happened outside of me, beyond me" (p. 357), she, on the other hand, blames herself, her youth, and the circumstances she felt helpless to change for Emily's difficult early years.

Abandoned by her husband and struggling to support herself and Emily during the depression, the young mother must twice send Emily to live with relatives before the girl is six. When Emily returns the second time, it is to a new father and, soon, a new baby sister. Ill with measles and unable to go near her mother or the new baby for the first week after the baby's birth, Emily is alone at a time when a child most needs the reassurance of

physical closeness to her mother. The mother reflects with guilt and despair that, exhausted from caring for the baby, she roused herself to comfort Emily after recurrent nightmares only twice, and then only because she was awake with the baby anyway. The fact that Emily is sent by a social worker to a convalescent home for children, where she is further deprived emotionally, indicates that the mother is unable to cope with her parental duties at this time. Emily is released from the home largely through the efforts of her parents, who argued that she still wasn't regaining weight lost during her illness. This is one of the few instances where the mother exercises her own judgement over that of others.

Home again, Emily establishes her place in the family, taking on responsibilities as her mother's helper and right hand through the years when three additional siblings are born. Not surprisingly though, a resentment develops on Emily's part toward the second born, Susan, who has become everything Emily is not: bright, witty, blue-eyed and blonde. Emily, dark, thin and introspective, doesn't conform as well as Susan to the popular image of what a little girl should be. Her individuality seems lost among the many brighter students in her large school. Perhaps to fortify her uniqueness, perhaps to sublimate her need to be a child, Emily develops a talent for comedy and pantomime that eventually takes her before statewide audiences as a performer. Her mother notes that in this way she is "as imprisoned in her difference as she was in her anonymity" (p. 362). It is a suc-

cinct comment on the loneliness of Emily's life.

The point of view in this story, the mother's, is significant in that it gives us a picture of Emily's life that Emily herself probably would not give us. The mother knows what life should have been like for her daughter, whereas Emily only knows what her life was actually like. She accepts it and adapts to it, while the mother mourns her mistakes and the emotional cost to both of them. When a neighbor points out to the mother that she should smile at Emily more, she can't understand his point. Not until she is raising her other children, in a more relaxed, secure atmosphere, does she realize, too late, that Emily saw the face of a tired and worried mother instead of a proud and joyous one. Through her we get a picture of Emily as a mature child who strove to be everything her mother expected of her: good, obedient, never outwardly rebellious. Years later, after she has raised four other children and put up with their rebelliousness and temper tantrums, the mother asks herself, "What in me demanded that goodness in her? and what the cost, the cost to her of such goodness?" (p. 359). The setting of Emily's early years, depression era and wartime, make the difficulties her mother faced more plausible.

The conflicts in this story are emotional: the mother, in examining her performance as a parent, weighs her mistakes against the person her daughter has become. Ultimately, she sees that her daughter has turned out all right and will be able to make a place for herself in the world; but

throughout the story there are many day-to-day emotional conflicts. From the beginning, she felt guilty about leaving her baby, her "miracle", with a sitter "to whom (Emily) was no miracle at all" (p. 358). She rationalizes this guilt by stating that she had no choice but to leave her while she worked, just as she had no choice in future separations. She hints that she was a victim, that she allowed others to supercede her mother's instinct, indeed, her faith in herself. For instance, she breastfed baby Emily by the clock, in spite of the baby's hungry cries and her own need to relieve her milk-swollen breasts, because "the books" decreed that this was proper. Although this isn't an uncommon mistake among new parents, it is a foreshadowing of the mother's lack of self-confidence throughout the years to come. She sent Emily to nursery school because "they said" she was old enough. The mother wouldn't allow herself to acknowledge that this may not be the best choice for Emily because it was her only alternative to sending Emily to live with relatives. These themes of lack of choices, helplessness, and lack of self-confidence run throughout the story. The iron becomes a powerful symbol for life, pressing out the wrinkles in a garment like life forces its circumstances upon a human being, shaping that person to conform to its whims. The title hints at the mother's guilt as the one who wields the iron, the one whose fault it is that Emily's life was so lacking. She resolves her grief for her daughter's lost childhood, however, by pointing out that

Emily has already learned to make her own way and although she and her husband couldn't give Emily everything she needed to fully develop her talents, she managed to garner the tools she needed for life. "Let her be. So all that is in her will not bloom . . . There is still enough to live by" (p. 363). Nevertheless, she entreats the teacher to let Emily know that she can determine her own fate, that she is not a helpless victim. "Only help her to know--that she is more than this dress on the ironing board, helpless before the iron" (p. 363). In this one poignant sentence, the mother has paraphrased her own life and, in a way of all mothers who want to pass to their children something of value to get them through life, attempts to help Emily learn from her mistakes.

Parents may find this story painful to read. Like her, we may find ourselves starting "to sift, to weigh, to estimate, to total" (p. 357) our parenting years, but it is futile to get caught up in the "should-haves" and "might-haves" of the ideal lives we all want for our children. We would be wise to take Emily's flippant attitude toward the future, in direct contrast to her mother's agonized retrospection, as a timeless comment on the generations, the resiliency of children reared in good faith, and possibly the balance that preserves sanity.

God as Truth in the Poetry of Emily Dickinson

by Jill Lyons

Emily Dickinson is a Puritan Romantic in that she combines strict morality and intense soul-searching with a love of nature and a search for truth. Nature is a frequent focus of Dickinson's work. Her nature imagery is not nature for itself, but nature as representative of God. "The Puritan God was an angry God, dangling men like spiders over the flames of Hell" (Foerster 68-69). The Romantic God could be found in man and nature. In Dickinson's poetry, God is Truth, and mortal man cannot comprehend such grandeur.

Veiling is an element of Romanticism and aptly expressed in "The thought beneath so slight a film-- / Is more distinctly seen-- / As laces just reveal the surge-- / Or Mists--the Appenine--" (Foerster 1012). The lines are simple, innocent, and suggestive of faraway places. If Dickinson wrote nothing more intense, she might yet be overlooked. But a second glance reveals a surprising truth; it is possible to be too close to a person or situation to see it clearly. If we cannot see clearly the world around us, how can we expect to comprehend God?

Dickinson veiled Truth because it was too grand and too terrible for mortal senses:

*Tell all the Truth but tell it slant--
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased--
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind--.* (Foerster 1021)

Dickinson's use of initial capitals is irregular and therefore significant. "Truth" is not simply personified, but deified. The Puritans searched for God, the Romantics searched for Truth. Dickinson equated Truth with God. We are like "Children" in our limited ability to comprehend Truth.

Dickinson's choice of words reveals her dissatisfaction with orthodox religion. Circuit riders spread the be-saved-or-be-damned religious revivals westward. "Circuit" suggests an indirect or devious manner. "Circuit lies" suggests the perpetuating nature of accepted untruths.

Man cannot comprehend Truth in this life until he achieves what Dickinson calls Immortality:

*I've seen a Dying Eye
Run round and round a Room--
In search of Something--as it seemed--
Then Cloudier become--
And then--obscure with Fog
And then--be soldered down
Without disclosing what it be
'Twere blessed to have seen--.* (Foerster 1018)

Dickinson uses the Eye to embody the spirit. The dying spirit sees, clearly through the Fog, the nature of God and Truth. She is Puritan in her conception of death as promise of salvation (for some). Romantic in her conception of death as part of the natural life cycle, and unique in her view of an individual God. The spiritual search not

completed until death may be Dickinson's defense of her nonacceptance of God in the sense expected of her. At school and throughout life, she was "without hope" of becoming Christian (Foerster 1002).

Dickinson combined many essential elements of Puritanism and Romanticism in her work and in her life. God and Truth and God and Nature come together in her poetry. Devotion to God and fierce individuality express the life of America's literary "saint."

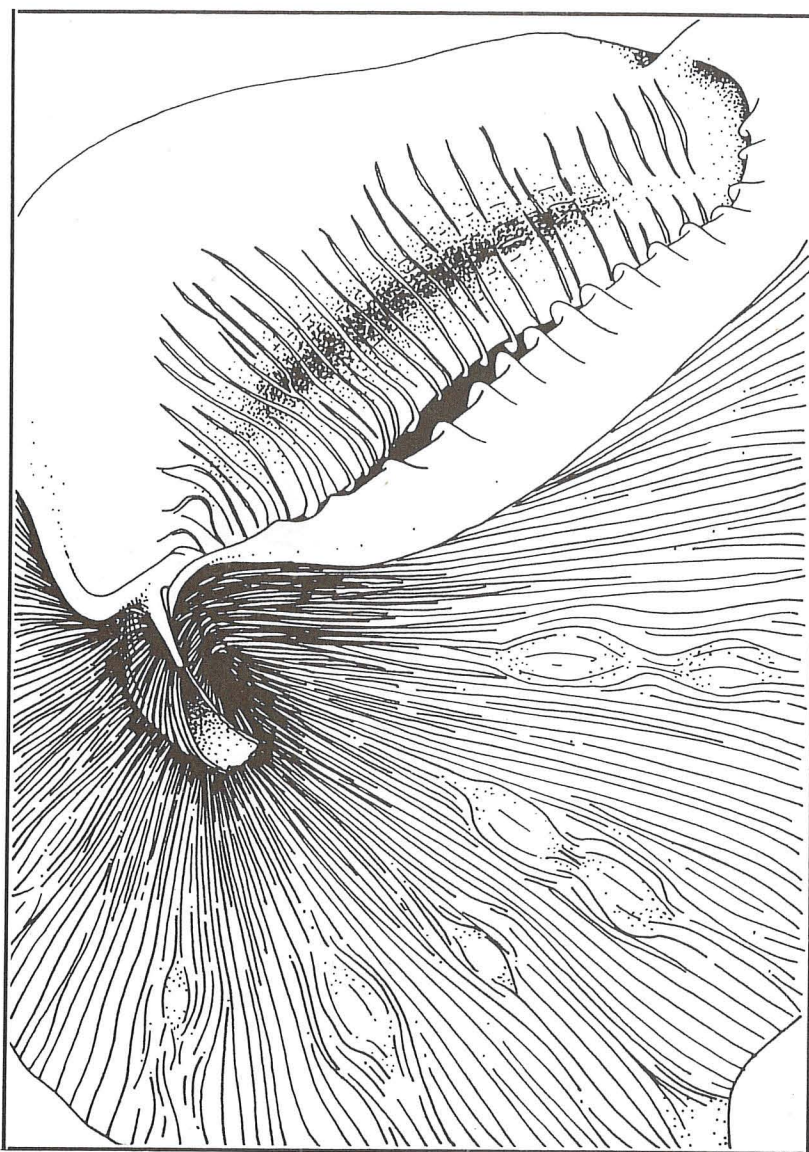
WORK CITED

Foerster, Norman, Ed. *American Poetry and Prose*. Fifth Ed. Boston: Houghton, 1970.

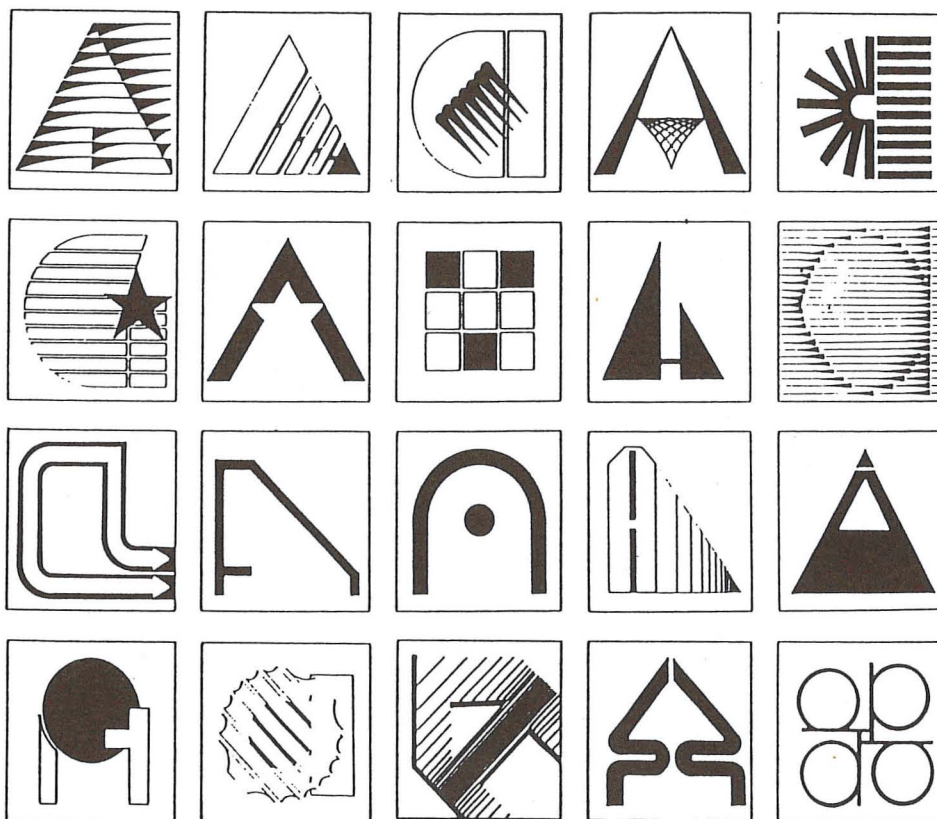


LOW PRESSURE PRESENCE

Janine Murphy



LOST & FOUND
Jason Gamache



COVER DESIGN:
THE BEGINNING
 Jason Gamache

How Do You Spell Relief?

by Michelle M. Goodrich

Today, many Americans, awash in memos and junk mail, take the written word for granted. Yet perhaps 27 million of their countrymen are "functionally illiterate." They must strain to decipher the simplest of words, the most common of directions, and even their own names. For some, the basic concepts of the English language are as distant as the furthest planet is from the earth. Where does literacy end and illiteracy begin?

"The ability to understand an unfamiliar text, rather than simply declaim a familiar one," as researchers Daniel P. and Lauren B. Resnick put it, is today's new standard of literacy. That kind of functional literacy may seem almost quaint in an age of telephones and TV news and of computers and color-coded cash register keys that make reading or counting almost unnecessary for teenage clerks at fast food restaurants. Time after time in the past, literacy has seemed, for a brief historical moment, redundant, a luxury, not needed by ordinary folk.

Traditional literacy spread rapidly in the 17th and 18th centuries, mostly through church-run schools and through informal education: parents teaching their children, masters teaching their apprentices. But it is unclear just how literate colonial America was. As Americans have been painfully reminded in recent years, schooling and literacy are not always synonymous. And in the days before the revolution, American school children probably spent, at the most, an average of three years in the classroom.

By counting the number of men who could sign their names to deeds and other such important articles and public documents as literate, historians have reckoned that literacy in America rose from about sixty percent among the first white male colonists to about 75 percent by 1800. That figure masks a great deal of diversity. City dwellers were more likely to be literate than country folk, Northerners more likely to read than Southerners and Westerners, the well-to-do better schooled than the poor. Ninety percent of New

Englanders could sign their own names by the time the U.S. Constitution was ratified, yet the U.S. Army found by 1800 only fifty-eight percent of its recruits, drawn from the lower strata, were literate. As many as 27 million Americans over the age of 16, nearly fifteen percent of the adult population, may be functionally illiterate today. Another 45 million are marginally competent, reading below the 12th grade level. To varying degrees, all are handicapped as citizens, parents, and workers. There is no way an illiterate parent is going to be able to teach his children the things most necessary in life today. What does it mean to be functionally illiterate? The term is elusive. The number of people who simply cannot read and write today is staggering, but going by the standards of 1840, we have had a smashing success.

The old standards no longer apply, however. The 1840 sort of literacy does not suffice to master and details of contemporary American life. Just filling out federal income tax forms, for example, requires a 12th grade education. If individuals are to prosper, literacy should mean much more than just getting by. On a practical level, getting ahead in the world of work, whether that world is an insurance company's clerical office or an oil company's executive suite, requires a high level of literacy.

Most specialists agree that an eighth grade reading ability is the minimum level of functional literacy. Twenty states now require students to pass an eighth grade competency test to qualify for a high school diploma. This is a modest standard; the NEW YORK TIMES, TIME, and NEWSWEEK are written at a 10th to 12th grade level. Pegging functional literacy to an eighth grade reading ability leaves many ambiguities. Specialists are not certain whether the skills that an eighth grader needs to pass a competency test are those that a worker needs on the job. More troublesome is that most estimates of functional illiteracy are based on data on the number of years of schooling adults have completed, not on tests of their actual abilities.

A large number of the nations functional illiterates are high school dropouts. Among adults over 25, nearly seventeen percent of blacks and thirty-one percent of Hispanics, left school before the eighth grade. Millions more stayed in school a few more years, but never reached an eighth grade reading level. Dropout rates have been falling, overall, in the recent decades, but still remain high for blacks and Hispanics in city schools.

Every generation seems to face its own obstacles to literacy. For the Puritans, one barrier was simply the cost and difficulty of reading by candlelight; for 19th century Americans, the temptation was to leave school and go to work. Today we lack neither light nor leisure, and the "need to read" is stronger than ever. At the very least, every citizen ought to be able to learn how to read and to acquire the knowledge to know what he is reading. Functional illiteracy in America one day may be curbed, but not ended. The illiterate, like the poor, will always be with us. Just how exactly do you spell relief? Go ahead, ask me; I'm one of the more fortunate ones, I know how.



THE END

Robin Cooper

Growing Pains

by Pam Le Pla

Last week my little sister went to her first junior high dance. This brought back many memories for me. She is six years younger than I am. It's hard to believe it's her turn to go through that ordeal. She tells me now how she used to admire me when I would go to those dances and actually dance with boys. She doesn't know how brave I was.

I was never popular in junior high, although I desperately tried to be. When I was in the seventh grade, suddenly I became very interested in what everyone else was doing. Coincidentally, that was the same year I started fighting with my mom. I have many memories of standing outside of a circle of popular girls. I tried to listen to their conversation, but their backs were turned and I was ignored. Popularity was hard to define, yet everyone knew who was popular and who wasn't. I already had two strikes against me—I was tall and I was smart. I have since learned to appreciate these two qualities, but in junior high the thing a kid desires most is to fit in and to be accepted. Since I was a 'brain' (what a smart person was named), everyone assumed I was against having fun. I didn't like boys; I wasn't interested in fashion or makeup, and I didn't want to go to any football games because I was always too busy studying. Popularity was the key to happiness in junior high. A popular person always had many friends to sit by at

lunch and was invited to every party. Popularity, however, was most important at the dances.

I remember clearly the routine of getting ready for a dance. I would soak in a hot, luxurious bubble bath, curl my hair for one hour, and then saturate myself with Love's Baby Soft perfume. Then I would get dressed. Everyone wore designer jeans to dances, everyone important anyway. But Mom wanted me to wear a skirt so I could look pretty. I didn't want to be pretty; I wanted to be 'cool'. Mom was always the antagonist in my plot to become popular. We compromised and I wore a jean skirt. I was ready. I always became very scared before dances. I don't know why I even went to them, except that they were a requirement for popularity.

My best friend and I would attend the dances together. When we arrived at the dance, the realization that everyone had on designer jeans was enough to make me want to go home. But I decided to be brave and stay. The dances were held in the cafeteria. To a twelve-year-old the room was magically transformed. The tables were pushed back, and it was dark except for the revolving globe hanging from the center of the ceiling that sparkled and made colorful patterns on the floor and walls. The word describing this event contradicts reality. Nobody ever really danced. It wasn't 'cool' to fast-dance so no one did. They only slow danced, and this movement was so stiff and awkward that it was hardly fit to be called dancing.

After the first two slow songs, nobody had asked me to dance. It was a *deja vu* of my first dance, so I decided to take action. I asked a boy to dance with me, and to my surprise, he agreed. I was taller than he was, and he didn't know where to put his hands. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to lean on him. I think I

did most of the leading. When the song was finished, my partner vanished, never to be seen again for the rest of the night. For the next slow song I asked another boy to dance with me. My self-confidence was growing. But just when I was beginning to have fun, I was rejected. I asked five different boys to dance and was rejected five times. They all said 'no' right to my face! One boy was dancing with my best friend only seconds after I had asked him to dance. It was a humiliating night. More than once I had to go to the rest room and breathe deeply to stop myself from crying.

The last song was Pat Benetar's "We're Running With the Shadows of the Night." This song made a strong impression on me because it was played three times that night—all three times I was a wallflower. If I close my eyes when I hear this song, I'm twelve years old again at a seventh grade dance. Finally, the dance was over. The light came on and everyone blinked to adjust their eyes. We all stumbled to the next room to find our coats. This was the hardest part of the night; I had to have a big, bright smile on my face to assure everyone that I had had fun. I didn't even want to think about Monday morning when I would be asked how many times I had danced and with whom. (I would always stretch my list to make it seem longer.)

It took forever for Dad's blue truck to come save us. We took my friend home, and on the way there I lied and said I had a great time. As soon as she went inside her house, I turned to my dad and sobbed on his shoulder. He was surprised when I told him that I had only danced three times and that I had a terrible time. He was very sympathetic, and he held me like I was a little girl. Dad said I couldn't base my popularity on one dance, and that I was a pretty girl and fun to be around. I knew none of it was

true, but it was still nice to hear.

I wish I had known then what I know now: popularity doesn't mean a thing; liking oneself and having confidence are more important. I went to every dance in junior high. I think I was hoping they would get better. They never did; they were all the same. I couldn't help but feel sorry for my sister last week before her first dance. I wanted her dance to be different than mine were. It was. She danced seventeen times.

Patriotism and Truth

by Kathleen McConnell

In "Dulce Et Decorum Est," Wilfred Owen provides a powerful picture of the realities of war and the fallacy of dying for "honor." His description of the slow, agonizing death of a battle-weary soldier who doesn't put his gas mask on in time to avoid breathing the deadly fumes, is especially poignant when read with the knowledge that Owen was killed in action during World War I. The poem voices a bitter anti-war statement that could have been written during any period of history, and the noble Latin phrase from which the title is taken is an ironic mockery when contrasted with the sordid ugliness of violent, senseless death.

Contrast is used in several instances in the poem. The color green, which usually denotes life, describes the light through which the author sees the dying soldier. The soldier is drowning "as under a green sea." Both green and sea denote life, here contrasted with death. Innocence and evil are also contrasted: the sound of the soldier drowning in his own blood is like "incurable sores on innocent tongues"; those who are told that it's good to die for one's country are children being told a lie by those they trust.

Owen employs a conventional A-B rhyme scheme throughout, even to the

successful blending of Latin with English in the last verses. The meter of the first stanza has a plodding beat, heavy with hard consonants, and his figurative language establishes for the reader the extreme weariness of the soldiers. The simile, "bent double, like old beggars under sacks," uses alliteration as well as imagery to describe fatigue. Comparing soldiers, traditionally of proud bearing, to hags and beggars, suggests their loss of dignity after experiencing the ravages of battle. The men are "drunk with fatigue;" they 'trudge' and 'limp.'" Their exhaustion is so great that they "march asleep," surely an exaggeration. More hyperbole is found in the statement that they all were lame and blind. Perhaps the connotation here is that the soldiers were blinded to something, perhaps beauty, in a world that has become ugly to them, and made lame by the loss of their pride. Owen personifies the gas-shells; they are tired, they hoot.

The tempo picks up in the second stanza. The unusual use of the word "ecstasy" conveys the soldiers' reduction to instinctive self-preservation, the lowest level of human activity. Literally meaning, "any strong feeling that completely absorbs the mind," the word "ecstasy" paired with "fumbling" describes their donning of gas masks as an animalistic reaction that blocks out all else, their fatigue and their pain. It is no wonder that, so close to a state of suspended animation, one of the men doesn't get his gas mask on in time. His confusion and terror, as well as that of his companions, is described aptly with words of sight, sound, and motion; he yells and stumbles, flounders "like a man in fire or lime," plunges at his helpless comrade, "guttering," a word full of the throaty sound of choking.

A chilling theme in the poem is that

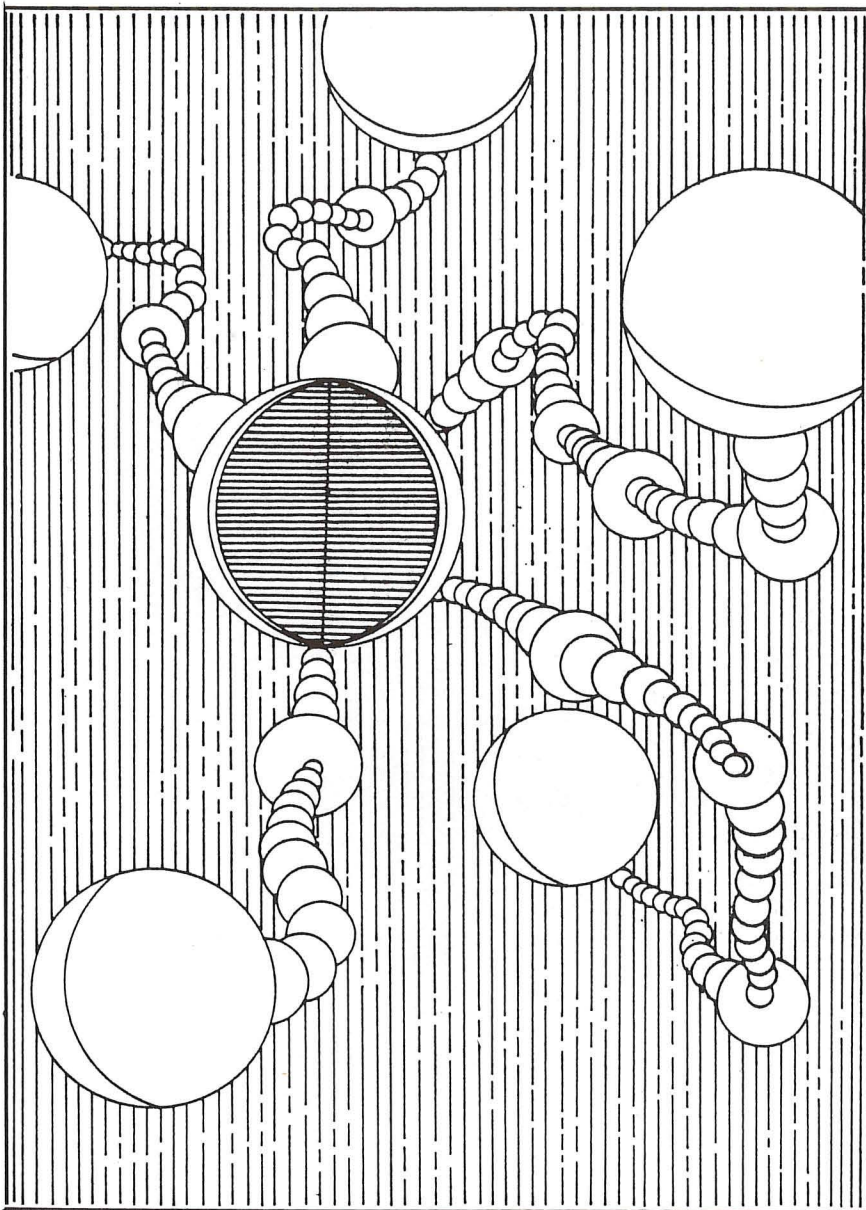
death and suffering have come by choice, a choice made implicitly for the sake of honor and glory. In the final stanza, the meter is plodding again, but this time with a cynical voice. Words like "flung" and "pace" denote wasted motion. The "s" sounds have a sinister ring: "obscene," "cancer," "smothering." Every word has been carefully chosen to convey the grim reality of death and suffering, and the senselessness of it all. The dying soldier's face is "hanging...like a devil's sick of sin." It is paradox that the devil would be disgusted by the very thing that gives him power; it is paradox that the soldier is sickened, in both senses of the word, by the very battle he sought for glory. The sounds of death are as "obscene as cancer," a disease in which the body's cells seem to turn against the body itself; the soldier is drowning in his own blood, his very life-fluid killing him. Another less obvious paradox is shown in the use of Latin. The word "patria" is similar to the word "pater," or "father." It is ironic that children would be led to death by the man who gave them life.

Owen has skillfully used the tools of a poet to berate those of us who would glorify war without having ever experienced one. He warns that some people are ready and willing to believe in fairy tale glory, but they are innocent and deserve the truth.



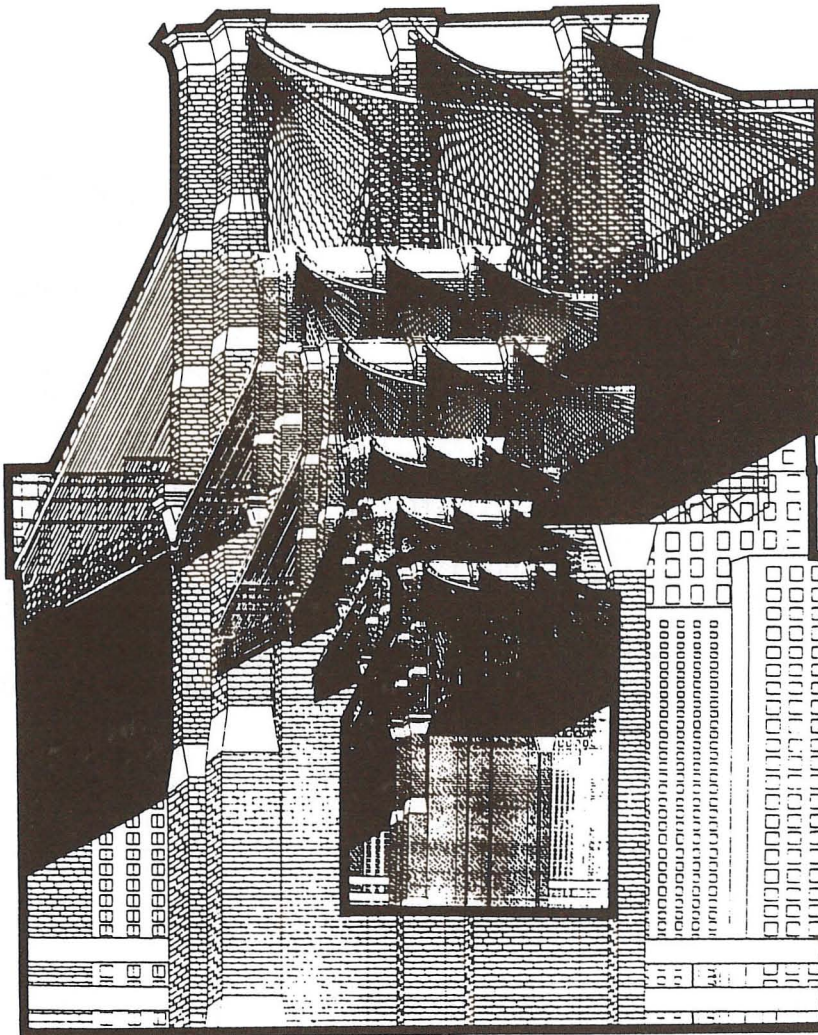
EYES OF DETERMINATION

Scott Markel



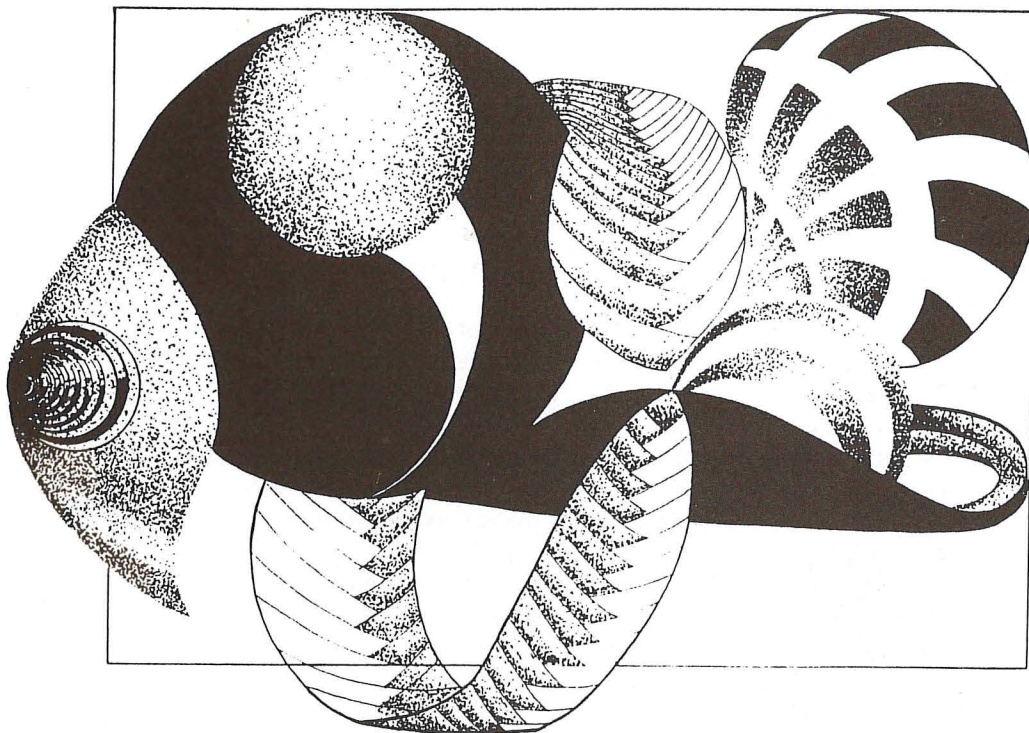
UNCONSCIOUS EXSERTION

Jeff Kahn



URBAN STRUCTURES

Kathleen Bartling



INNER EAR
Debbie Dare

Fond Memories and Valuable Lessons

by Karen Hunt

Often times on a lazy afternoon, it wasn't uncommon at all for the neighbors to gather across the green wooden fence, under the old box-elder, and idly chit-chat about the neighborhood. Many times other neighbors became the topic at hand.

Annie Pole, the neighbor woman, kitty-corner from our house always seemed to be the dominant subject. Could she really like to talk as much as they said she did? Her meaningless chatter "could drive a man to drink", they'd say. Well, being known as a talker myself, I found the idea that someone could talk more than I intriguing.

My childish curiosity had been aroused about this different little woman no one seemed to like. She was a rather odd looking character, fiftyish, short, plump, and buxom. Alabaster was her skin. Her thin lips were barely visible. If not for the scarlet lipstick she used to draw them on, it appeared as if she had no lips. No one ever saw her hair, only the thin red wisps she kept under a knotted babushka. It seemed she was always either tucking away her fine wisps of hair, or clutching her ample bosom, almost as if she were afraid something was going to drop out, or someone might see something he shouldn't.

As she tucked away, she talked of another day, when her hair was "the most gorgeous full head of red hair, you ever saw". Even as a child, in her voice I heard an apologetic tone for what it looked like today. "She was a nosy woman," I had heard them say. Always calling to make inquiries, she was afraid she might have missed something. Other times she'd be at the door, or in her front yard. Her eyes darted from one corner to the next, looking to see if anyone would become her prey. Could it have been she was just lonely, and wanted someone to talk?

I found myself becoming conveniently available. After all, a good ear seemed like nothing in return for the treat she always had for me. I had two ears, and they were just hanging on the sides of my head anyway. I looked forward to seeing the funny little woman who liked to talk. Everyone else had seen her many faults. I saw her as a diamond in the rough. Never refined, or having been polished, she so desperately wanted to shine.

On occasion during a week day, I was invited in to her tiny brick home. We'd start

out cleaning a few cupboards and do odd chores, but we always ended up talking. The gap in our ages made no difference when it came to that. She would talk about days gone by. I would listen intently as she described her youth, and how she could dance the night away in younger years. All the while an old phonograph record would be playing some golden oldie in the background.

Her eyes always seemed to nervously watch the clock. After a while, I too became accustomed to the fact that at 2:00 p.m. our day of incessant chatter would come to an end. Larry was coming home.

Larry was the dark side of Annie's life. Even as a youngster I could see he was the reason the diamond never got to shine. Not much was ever really said about him. I just knew he had a powerful and dominating hold on her. I never saw much of him, only when he'd come walking down the street, home from his factory job, one that had cost him an arm, from the elbow down. A hook took its place. He had a manner about him that seemed Hitler must have been a blood relative. His walk was forceful and angry. That ugly hook glared me in the face. A black lunch box dangled from the end of it. He could look right at me and never even acknowledge he saw me.

Though I didn't have all the pieces to the puzzle, I felt angry and sad for her. Life after 2:00 p.m. was probably what caused Annie to be the way she was. Even being naive and young, I knew her talking and zest for life were diminished.

The love, the smiles, she gave to us were irreplaceable. I would not exchange those "high fives" followed by her joyful expression, for anything.

The point is, yes, Annie's life was worth living. Call it selfishness, but while she was unable to do many "normal" activities, she would do the "super-normal." Her capacity for unswerving love was unfathomable. More special people like Annie need to be allowed to touch and love us all. They should not be condemned by the judgement of a physician who encourages to abort the physically imperfect.

Her Pursuit of Life and Love

by Kevin H. Collins

This is dedicated to Angie, who showed us the true value of life and love. May we all learn from her that life and love are paramount when compared to convenience and self fulfillment.

Angie, you will always be my favorite niece, for I will never match the love you have shown me.

Angie was born at only one pound and fourteen ounces. She was so tiny and frail. It was cute that she could wear only doll clothes. Life was a day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute struggle right from the start. She was hydrocephalic, so the doctors performed surgery on her tiny body to insert a shunt tube from her head to her stomach under the skin. Her heart didn't work properly, so they operated again. Her lungs were not developed, so she had a hole cut in her tiny throat where the respirator connected. This "trach" tube (where the respirator attached) had to be cleaned several times each day.

Her life continued this way for several years. Ounce by ounce her weight increased. Her parents camped out in Intensive Care with her for most of her first two years. The only hospital which could care for Angie was over

an hour's drive from her family's home. Angie wouldn't see that home until she was almost two. At that time, she found her bedroom as a fully equipped hospital room. Monitors alerted her parents when her heart stopped. A baby monitor was hooked up to catch every noise she made. You see, when Angie cried, you couldn't hear her. She never spoke. The tracheotomy had silenced her tiny voice.

It's hard to fathom the intensity of life in Angie's home. While every day was a struggle for life and breath for Angie, her parents' finances were stretched past breaking.

Angie was a celebrity in her little town. When her parents were introduced to someone new, the eyes of the stranger would widen and they would say, "Oh, you're Angie's parents." Tears and prayers flowed for her from parents, relatives, friends, even strangers.

Many parents would have institutionalized a child with so many problems. Angie's parents wouldn't succumb to that convenience. Their diligence was fueled by an unending, unselfish love for their daughter. Her brother also loved her. He defended her to his friends who, in their ignorance, made fun of her. He teased her too, but in an affectionate manner, as a loving brother would.

Many would conjecture why God would allow such a tragic situation. Many wrestled with whether the medical field had overstepped its bounds in preserving her frail life from the very beginning.

Angie had been born in the twenty-fourth week of pregnancy. There are recorded cases where babies are intentionally aborted at this time. Some contended that doctors should have known Angie's condition and advised

abortion.

By the time Angie was five she could transport herself around the house in a walker, never really standing, but able to push her way around. She was as mischievous as many other five year-olds would be. She knocked over lamps and tables. When she did so, she would smile really big and throw her arms in a victory celebration.

Angie was fun loving. She always greeted me with a smile. Her greeting to me was special, for I was her uncle. She would wait for me to sit next to her and hold out my hand. She wanted to "give me five." She would smack my hand with all her effort. The more fuss I made about how my hand hurt, the greater her expression of joy.

One day Angie was hospitalized. It was so sudden that they were unable to get her to the hospital which had cared for her at birth. She slipped into a weakened state, near coma. While Angie lay staring dreamily away, those who loved her came from near and far to show love and to share, if they could, her parents' grief. What little hope there was was gone now. Angie would never respond with a smile again. While her body functioned, Angie was already gone. She was taken home to her own bedroom to live out those final days.

It took only four pallbearers to carry her tiny casket: her doctor, two male nurses and her favorite uncle---me.

We wrestled again with the purpose of all this anguish. Why was she allowed to live only six years and struggle so hard? The pastor (who'd come to know her since she was four) was very wise. He explained that the tears we shed were not out of pity for her, but rather, they flowed because of the impact she had on our lives.



BISABEULA

Chris Gibbons

The Pink Plastic Rosary

by Marlene Taylor

"What kind of necklace is this?" My seven year old daughter, Lisette, was holding up a relic of my past. We were in the spare room, cleaning out the cedar chest and getting ready to store the summer clothes when we came across a little box tied with pink ribbon. Inside, beneath a layer of tissue, lay a child-size rosary made of pink plastic beads with a small black crucifix knotted rather clumsily to the rest of it.

"That's a rosary, honey. Catholics use them to help say their prayers with." I stared at it as it dangled in my face, catching the afternoon light, then took it from her and touched it lightly.

"Cath'lic? Oh, you mean like Ann Marie Benedict?" she asked casually.

"Yes," I said, handing it back. "And like my cousin Theresa."

"Well, whose rotary was this?" She asked, winding it around her wrist.

"Rosary," I corrected her as memories began to tumble across my mind. "That was mine."

"But I thought we were Luther'n, Mom. Didn't Martin Luthern pound up a mean note to the Pope right on his church door?"

"Yeah, I guess so, but that was long before Vatican II," I said absently. I could see I wasn't making things clear to her; her eyebrows made two brown question marks above her solemn blue eyes, and she squinched her mouth off to one side.

"Before what?"

I looked hard at the serious little face, surprised that she was still interested in this conversation. She spread the rosary out into a circle on the bed and began to count the beads slowly.

"You'll understand when you're older," I winced at the words. "Anyway, when I was about ten, I sort of became a Catholic--for a little while."

Lisette's eyes were wide. "You did?" Suddenly I was someone interesting, a Woman with a Past. "And Nana let you?"

"She didn't know," I laughed. Years began to fall away, and suddenly I saw a flash of knobby knees and a breathless ten year old with scarecrow hair, running, clutching a broken rosary in her hand. She disappeared into a house on a street of my childhood.

I had been raised in a predominately Catholic neighborhood, presided over by the imposing stone facade of the church and convent school of Sacred Heart of Mary. We could schedule our day by the bell of Sacred Heart. The black-veiled nuns went smiling, two by two, in and out of the convent each day, nodding to each child they passed. My Great Aunt Edie, who lived with us, said they had to stay in pairs to keep out of trouble. I wondered what they could possibly be up to behind those pristine smiles.

The school busses were dominated by grey blazers with Sacred Heart crests, and parochial plaid skirts swished past down the aisle with an important air. The girls had names like Mary Clare, and Catherine Frances; mine was just plain Ellen. You could always tell where the Sacred Hearts lived, too. They had lots of little kids running around their yards, and they had statues of Mary inside shelters, that looked like half a bathtub, in their flower gardens. My cousin, Theresa, said theirs really was a bathtub, half buried; Great Aunt Edie said they were 'Graven Images' and pursed her lips tight, the way she always did when she meant to have the last word. She knew what those Catholics were up to, all right, with all those children. They were going to take over the world, that's what.

It sounded like a great idea to me, in the midst of my 'plaid skirt envy,' but to Great Aunt Edie, this was serious business. She never did forgive Gramma for marrying Outside the Faith, though my Grampa kept his religion to himself, and my Mom and Aunt Susan were raised Lutheran. But when Aunt Susan married one of Them, too, it was just too much for Great Aunt Edie. Oh, she was nice enough to my cousin Theresa, "after all," she said, "she was only half Catholic."

My Grampa was very old when he went to live at Aunt Susan's. He didn't talk much, and mostly stayed in his room. Sometimes Theresa and I would catch a glimpse of him cradling a time-worn prayer book in his frail hands, or silently mouthing words as he counted the beads of a heavy black rosary. In his old black sweater, he looked like a hermit saint out of Theresa's school book.

I thought they were lucky to have Grampa instead of Great Aunt Edie. She had beady eyes that saw everything my brother Jimmy or I did and stared at us 'til we stopped doing it. Her thin lips made a constant

frown between her bulldog cheeks, and Theresa called her 'Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrow.'

Up in her room, Theresa showed me her closetful of plaid skirts, and two grey blazers. On her mirror were lots of picture cards of saints I'd never heard of; she got them at school for learning times tables and stuff. We just got gold stars at Adams Elementary. In the top drawer of her dresser she had a jewelry box full of funny necklaces with pictures on them.

"Those are scapulars, dummy." She explained. "This is St. Christopher," she held up a medal, "and look at this." She pushed a small cloth picture on a ribbon under my nose. "Look in that little hole, there. That's a piece of bone from St. Anne de Beaupre."

"Oh." I was impressed, really. They seemed like such useful things to have, like when you got in trouble or tried to ride your bike no-handed. All the Sacred Hearts wore them and looked at the rest of us like we were doomed.

"Here, read this," Theresa said, handing me a little book called "Saint Theresa, the Little Flower." "That's who I'm named for," she said proudly tossing back one of her long French braids.

I touched my own frizzy hair, recently chopped short by my Mom in an attempt to control it. Embarrassed, I bent over the little book she had handed me. On the cover was a young girl, dressed like the nuns at Sacred Heart, but all in white. She was radiant. I wondered how she could be so young and still be a saint. It seemed so impossible to me. She couldn't have had a Great Aunt Edie.

I took the book home, hidden under my sweater. I knew my Mom wouldn't mind me reading it, but I wanted to make sure it was safe from prying eyes. I read it in three nights by flashlight and decided when I was done that I wanted to be a nun.

"A nun?" Theresa laughed. "You aren't a Catholic!"

She had a point. We were walking home from the bus stop, and I was trying to stay ahead of Jimmy so he wouldn't hear what we were talking about. I just about needed my latest plan for the future blabbed all over the house. I was relieved when he and a group of boys ran past, throwing leaves at us.

"Here's what we'll do," Theresa was saying, taking charge as usual. "You can come to mass with me if you can swing it. But to do things right, you'll have to go to confession, first. We'll go tomorrow. See ya!" Her plaid skirt flipped around the corner and disappeared.

Saturday morning found me entering the huge, carved oak doors that I had only seen from the outside. Theresa and I stepped into the largest church I had ever seen. She stopped at a kind of stone bowl

and splashed some water at me.

"Holy water," she said.

I stared up at the high, arched ceilings, and around at a kaleidoscope of colored glass pictures. There were saints and angels, flowers and shells and cross shapes, and hearts with thorns around them. The colors streamed across the aisle where we stood and onto our faces like bits of rainbow and fell onto the floor in colored pools. I couldn't move. Theresa jerked at my sweater and I lurched forward down the aisle. She dropped to one knee and stood up again so fast that I almost tripped over her.

"The altar." She said. "You have to genuflect."

"What?" I was too busy staring at the flickering candles on each side of the altar to pay attention to her reply. They looked like hundreds of red fireflies winking and glowing beneath the archangels in the windows. The air smelled sweet above them, and I took a deep breath. There was a sound of soft footsteps, and two nuns came toward us, nodding smiles. They knelt in front of the altar and the long rosaries hanging from their waists went "clack" on the floor. They stood again and went out.

We went to the right past the front pews, into another part of the church. There were some narrow doorways in a row with curtains on them, and behind one I could hear someone talking very low.

"The priest is in there," said Theresa, "hearing somebody's confession. When they come out, we'll go in. You just listen to what I say, o.k.?"

I froze. "I'm not going in there!" I said. I expected to see Bing Crosby step out in a long black shirt with lots of buttons. I liked Bing Crosby, but I wanted to go home. Just then the curtain opened and a boy darted past us.

Theresa pulled me into the dimly lit booth. There was a little bench she knelt on, and I scrunched down on the floor. In front of her was a little window with a carved wooden screen that I couldn't see through. Behind it was a curtain, and when it opened Theresa said, "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned. It's been two weeks since my last confession."

"Yes, child?" A kind voice answered.

Theresa told a few things she did wrong, but I knew she left out a bunch of stuff. Then the priest told her to say some prayers and to help her mother more in the next week. I could handle that. When she was done, she pulled me out and we went through the curtain on the other side.

"Now you," She whispered. The little curtain opened and I made a funny noise. Theresa yanked at my skirt and whispered the words to me.

"Is something the matter?" The voice asked.

"No sir--Father." I gulped. I tried to think of some sins to confess, but all I could say was that I punched Jimmy for reading my diary, and that I was really sick of Great Aunt Edie.

There was a pause. I thought he expected more, but finally he cleared his throat and spoke again.

"I think you might try to do something nice for your great aunt," he said. "Keep in mind her age, and her infirmities." There was another long pause. "Also her disappointments in life." I pondered on that a moment, not quite catching what the priest said next about 'Hail Mary' and 'Our Fathers.'

Theresa and I ducked out of the booth and ran down the aisle past two startled sisters, not even giving them a chance to nod and smile.

"What are Our Fathers? What are Hail Marys?" I tried to catch my breath outside the oak doors.

"Gosh, I almost forgot, you need a rosary!" Theresa said. "Come on!"

We went back to her house where she pulled out the jewelry box again. She had lots of rosaries, like the special crystal one she got for her first communion when she was dressed kind of like a bride. She pulled a pink one out and tossed it to me. She explained that the big beads were for the Our Fathers, the same as the Lord's Prayer, and the little ones were for the Hail Marys. She taught me how to say them. Then I put the rosary safely in my pocket and hurried home.

"Have a nice time at Theresa's?" Mom asked. She was in the kitchen, making biscuits when I ran in the back door. Jimmy was standing near the table, sneaking bits of dough when she wasn't looking. He smirked at me and I wished he knew how stupid he looked with his face full of flour.

Just then Great Aunt Edie stumped into the room with her ivory-handled cane. After smacking Jimmy's hand and shooing him out of the room, she turned her beady eyes on me.

"Well, don't just stand there, help your mother!"

Mom looked at me with a funny half-smile, and I tried to remember what the priest had said to me. When my great aunt stumped back out, Mom turned to me.

"Just be patient with her, honey. Her arthritis is acting up again."

I knew. I had seen her swollen ankles and fat feet that she tried to cram into too small shoes. "But why is she always so miserable?"

Mom wiped her hands and gave me a little hug. "She's bitter, Ellen. That always changes a person. She was always rather gloomy, even when she was younger."

"But why?" I asked. "Why would a young person be so miserable?" I thought of St. Theresa's serene face.

"You'll understand when you're older." She always said that.

I helped Mom clean up the kitchen, then ran to my room. On the way, I took a candle from the china cabinet. I found a box of old Christmas cards in my closet and flipped through them. I found some of Mary and Baby Jesus, and cut them out. There was one with St. Francis from Aunt Susan and Uncle Bill, and I cut that one out, too. I taped them on my mirror like Theresa's picture cards, then I lit the candle and took my rosary from my pocket. I turned it around on my fingers, trying to remember just how the Hail Marys went.

Just then there were footsteps in the hall. I had forgotten to shut my door, and there, in the doorway, stood Great Aunt Edie. She was glaring at the mirror, and at the candle on my dresser. Her lips were thinner than ever, she had them shut so tight. I jerked the rosary behind my back.

"What's all this?" She waved her cane toward the candle. "Trying to burn the house down?"

I didn't say anything, my heart was thumping so hard.

"Looks like heathen goings on to me! Jimmy said he saw you sneaking into that--church--today. I knew this would happen sooner or later.. But no, your mother wouldn't listen to me...."

I didn't listen, either. I blew out the candle and ran past her down the hall. I wondered what St. Theresa would do. She had headaches and saw visions; well, I was getting a headache right now.

I rushed through the kitchen and slammed the back door. I felt a tug on my wrist and heard a brittle crunch. I looked down and saw the rosary on the porch, but the crucifix was stuck in the door frame, crunched in half. I grabbed it out and tried to fit the two halves of Jesus together, but it was no use. My hands were shaking as I picked up my rosary. I could hear voices in the kitchen now. I caught words like "exploring possibilities" and "spiritual growth." That was Mom. I also heard "occult" and "heretic"-- that was Great Aunt Edie.

I jumped off the porch and ran the three blocks to Theresa's house. I rang the bell, but no one answered. I started to cry, leaning on the bell. Finally, the door opened slowly, and I was surprised to see Grampa standing there.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" He asked, and motioned for me to come in. I showed him my rosary and

explained what happened. "I know, I know," he said, and pointed to a chair. I sat down and wiped my nose on my sleeve. He went slowly to his room and came back with something in his hand. It was a little black crucifix, with a ring at the top where it used to be attached to something.

"This was a rosary, once," he said. "It was mine when I was a boy, and it met with a similar fate." His eyes were twinkling. I had never heard him speak so many words in my whole life.

"Me and some boys from my school heard a kid from the Presbyterians say that the reason Catholics didn't have wine at communion was because the priests drank it all. Well, we were going to find out if that was the case. So we followed Father Murphy all day once, without him knowing it. Finally, he went into the sacristy, and we all got around the keyhole, watching him. He looked in the cabinet of holy oil, and counted all the bottles, then he checked on his supply of communion wafers. He looked over all the altar linens and stacked them up, just so. Then he opened a little cupboard and took out a cruet of wine. He held it up to the light and turned it all around. Then he took off the cap and took a sniff..."

"And then?" I interrupted. Old people took so long to tell a story!

"And then," Grampa chuckled, "And then Sister Ignatius collared us in the hall and sent us packing! I took off like a shot, and thought I got clean away, but my rosary was hanging out of my back pocket and got caught on the doorknob. Beads went flying everywhere, but I couldn't stop to pick them up. All that's left is this." He handed me the little crucifix.

"I think you need this more than I do," he said. I watched as his slow, bony fingers tied the cross onto my beads. I stared at the thinning gray hairs on his head. It was hard to believe that Grampa was once a kid who got into trouble, too. Now he was old, and I hardly knew him. I wished he could live forever.

But he didn't. Not long after that, he died, peacefully, in his sleep. I was allowed to go to the funeral even though Great Aunt Edie said I was too young. I stood beside a tall, dark grandfather clock in the funeral home and stared up at the moon dial. There were some words on it I couldn't understand, and Uncle Bill told me they meant "Time Flies." The tick-tick rang in my ears like the click-click of Grampa's rosary beads as he prayed in his room. He was holding them, now.

There were sisters there from Sacred Heart saying a rosary, and Aunt Susan, Uncle Bill and Theresa were up front with them, praying too. I reached into

my pocket and touched Grampa's little cross. My Mom looked at me and smiled, but there were tears in her eyes.

I didn't cry about Grampa. I tried to picture him in heaven, sneaking around trying to catch God off guard. I knew he would be happy to see Gramma again. A few weeks later, while I helped my Mom fold laundry, I mentioned what I thought Grampa was doing in heaven.

"Heaven!" Great Aunt Edie said. She was in the same room watching TV. "Don't you know Catholics don't go straight to heaven like normal Christians? No, they have to go to purgatory, first."

"Where is that?" I was confused. This was something that Theresa had never mentioned.

Ignoring Mom's warning glance, she continued. "It's the place they go to get rid of all the unforgiven sins they died with. And they stay there until their families say enough prayers to get them out!"

"That's enough!" Mom stood up and the folded socks fell onto the floor. Great Aunt Edie's mouth hung open for a second and then she clamped it shut. They both looked at me. I stood, clutching at the collar of my blouse with my mouth open in horror.

"Grampa isn't there!" I shouted. I didn't care if I was being disrespectful or not. "I don't think he had any sins left to get rid of! He was good, and he prayed all the time." I felt tears roll down my cheeks as I rushed to my room.

I was lying on my bed, still crying when I heard someone come in. I looked up and was surprised to see my great aunt; her face was almost soft.

"May I sit?" She asked, pointing to the edge of the bed. I nodded and watched as she leaned heavily on her cane until she settled herself. "You might find this hard to believe, but I was a young woman once, and very much in love with a young man," she began. "He was...he was a Catholic boy, and my family didn't approve, of course. But it didn't matter to me--I'd have married him in a second."

I sat up and tucked my feet under my skirt. "Did you marry him?"

"I didn't have a chance to. His brother was a priest, and he persuaded him to enter the priesthood, too." She poked her cane at a teddybear on the floor, then gave it a decisive thump. "No, that's not true. I should have realized he would become a priest; it meant so much to him. I just didn't see it that way at the time; I was too heartsick. He died years ago, and his whole parish wept. But his brother...well, his brother is still a priest, right over there at Sacred Heart." She shifted her weight and stood up. "What I mean to say, Ellen, is

I'm sorry. I've been an insensitive fool." She didn't wait for a reply, but hobbled out, hoping I hadn't seen her tears.

I sat for a long time, mulling over these new revelations. I felt my hatred for Great Aunt Edie turn to pity. I also knew I couldn't be a Catholic if I didn't believe as they did, and that meant I couldn't be a nun, either. I felt sad about it for weeks, and then I got on with my life, as children do. Still, now and then, I would say a rosary for Grampa, just in case.

"That was all a very long time ago," I blinked as Lisette's quiet sniff brought me back to the present.

"Is the church still there?" She asked.

"Yes, and the neighbors can still set their clocks by the bell. But nowadays you can't tell the nuns from the other women you pass in the street unless you're a child...then you can tell by the way they nod and smile."

"What happened to Great Aunt Edie?" Lisette asked.

"She's in Florida," I laughed, "Probably playing Bingo. She lives with Aunt Susan now, and Theresa is married to a Methodist!"

Lisette missed the joke. She picked up the rosary again. "Is it o.k. if I use this to say a prayer for your Grampa, too?"

"Of course it is, honey." I ruffled her hair. "How you talk to God is just between you and Him."

I smiled as I watched her skip down the hall, twirling the pink beads on her finger. There was a kid after my own heart.



MAJESTIC IMAGE

Martha Dandron

HIS PORTRAIT IN THE MIRROR

by Lee Klass

"Together again, Vincent, you and I; painter and portrait."

"Why so sad today? You're painting me with such dark colors and harsh strokes. Your eyes seem very distant today and your jaw set. I see that you have neglected your razor again. You know, it is said that a man grows a beard to hide himself from a truth. Perhaps you should admit to the reason behind this melancholy mood and vicious stroke of your brush. I haven't seen you in this state for quite a long while. As a matter of fact, the last time was when...ahh, yes...now I understand why, my friend. Again, it is the woman. She has grown weary of the relationship with an artist. 'L'amour de l'art fait perdre l'amour vrai,' my friend. Yes indeed, Vincent, 'The love of art makes one lose real love.' The little Segatori has you in a bad way. She is ill, and you suspect abortion. She left you, my friend, because you were never there. You still have affection for her, but it will pass, just like the others."

"You will break your brush if you keep stroking like that. So, you spoke to Tanguy yesterday. He put one of your canvases in his window? That's rather impressive. Theo should hear of this, don't you think? Why the hat, Vincent? Your hairline isn't receding that much; you're only thirty-five. And, I'm sure you're not adding the hat because you

feel pious, that would be contradictory, wouldn't it? You seem to be losing quite a bit of interest in life. The portrait you are painting clearly states that. You're losing interest in life, marriage, and the thought of having children."

"What's that you mumbled? Yes, one does do better looking rich than shabby. So, why are you painting me in clothing of a peasant? Vincent, Vincent! Not that thought again...dear Vincent, it's better to have a gay life of it than commit suicide... don't forget to write Theo..."

These are perhaps the thoughts one might hear from Vincent Van Gogh's mirror image as he painted his self-portrait. These are the words that I heard in my mind as I absorbed this self-portrait of Vincent Van Gogh that is hanging on one of the vast walls at the Detroit Institute of Arts. I have always enjoyed the work of Van Gogh from afar. As I walked through the halls of the Institute, the idea didn't occur to me that I would find myself face-to-face with Van Gogh himself.

While admiring the painting, I took it in as a whole but also in parts. The very first thing that I noticed were those sad eyes. They seemed to stare at life with serenity, disappointment, and even that madness that always haunted Vincent. I examined his high-bridged nose that so pointedly descends his face as if representing his tenacity and love for his art. His beard, that beard of flaming red that symbolically held reference to his short temper and fits of anger and rage. His hat sits so meekly on his head, as though he wanted to lead the audience to believe he was feeling tranquil and pious. What I saw under the hat was his life catching up with him, all thirty-five years: his strict father, the preacher, his mild mother, and ever-loving brother, Theo. I saw the tragedies with his women, his illnesses, the madness and a foreboding to his admission to the asylum in Arles, and eventual tragic death.

I chose this painting because it deeply

10
moved me. It is such a dramatic and melancholy painting, portraying the true Vincent Van Gogh. For one moment I could feel how Vincent must have felt every day that he awakened. If only Vincent could know just how brilliant his paintings and sketches are. It is a very frustrating thought to know that such talent and hard work is never discovered until it is far too late for the person to accept recognition.

Vincent Van Gogh is one of my favorite artists because his work moves me and reaches out to people. His self portrait belongs where it is today, and all of his others too--where all the world can see, for Vincent Van Gogh never did, and sadly, never will.

Bumper Pool ... Is It Really Child's Play?

by Kevin J. Collins

Acknowledgement

I want to thank my dad for he is the leading man in this essay. His guidance and teaching can be found between the lines of this work. He not only taught me how to play games, but how to compete as a gentleman, to treat everyone with honesty, to have fun, to enjoy life, and, in all my endeavors, to always play by the rules.

I remember Dad searching through the classifieds for a pool table that he knew he couldn't afford. Yet he was diligent in his search. I was young, with only one digit to my age. In the neighborhood I lived, no one had pool tables. Rarely did anyone own a ping-pong table. Darts was the game of the day. I did not really know what a pool table was.

Dad found what we could afford. Sixty-five dollars secured a slate-topped, beer-garden type "bumper pool" table. A table so small it must have been invented in Europe, where space is limited.

Dad was proud of his new pool table.

What I remember about the table was the strange, distinct smell it had when we first viewed it. After we brought it home, I found the smell to be graham crackers, which the previous owner's children had stuffed in the holes. After the crackers were cleaned out, I became the table's caretaker. I vacuumed the felt top almost daily; I practiced with it as if it were a playmate.

As an only child, however, I had no one to share it with, so I learned every angle of that table. I spent so much time playing on the table that I became very skilled at each shot. Since my father had been my chief opponent in darts and chess, he became the target of my new found tool, the bumper pool table.

As I trace back my childhood, I find this pool table the foundation of my competitive spirit. Until that time, all the games I played with my friends were devised by me to be played against an invisible foe. In this way my friend and I could win together, instead of at the expense of the other's loss. When we played army, the enemy was invisible. In bumper pool the adversary was no longer invisible. I set out against an opponent who was big enough and mature enough to handle defeat. My father became that competitor. I had a distinct advantage as he did not have the time I had to practice.

Practice makes perfect. I practiced for hours at a time. It was a daily ritual. Many look upon competition in a negative light. Competition need not be a negative word, if you find the medium you enjoy and can excel in. Competition is child's play when a person is prepared.

Bumper pool is played on a small table. In order to make the game more difficult, eight stationary bumpers are placed in the center of the table form-

ing a geometrical equally sided cross. The two holes, one at each end of the table, are carefully guarded by two bumpers each. The object of the game is to "sink" the five balls of one color in the hole farthest from the player's end of the table. Sinking a ball in the hole on the player's side of the table is penalized by placing that ball and another at their start location. The opening shot in bumper pool is taken simultaneously with the opponent. The opening shot determines which player will shoot next. This is decided by the ball which ends up closest to the target hole.

I studied the opening shot since it held the key to the entire game. Accurate shooting and speed control were equally important.

As time progressed and the competition heightened, we both sunk our first balls on the concurrent opening shot. Then the duel moved to a synchronous second shot. Once, the duel even progressed to a concurrent third shot, on which the game was virtually decided.

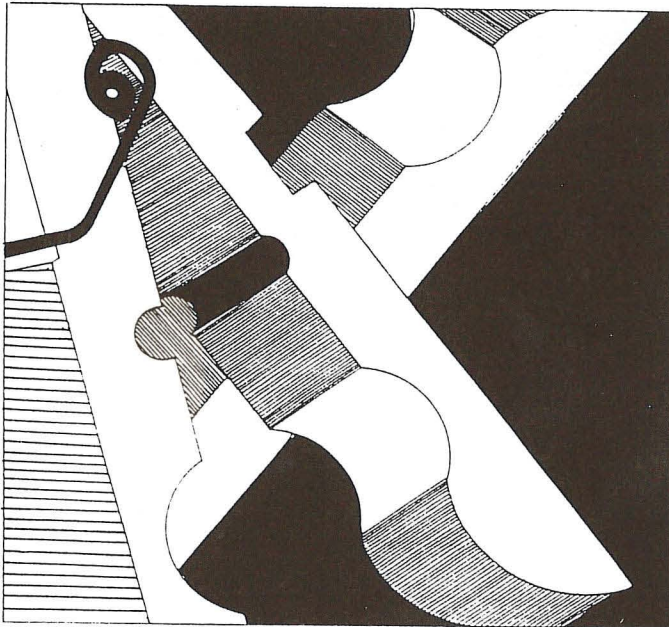
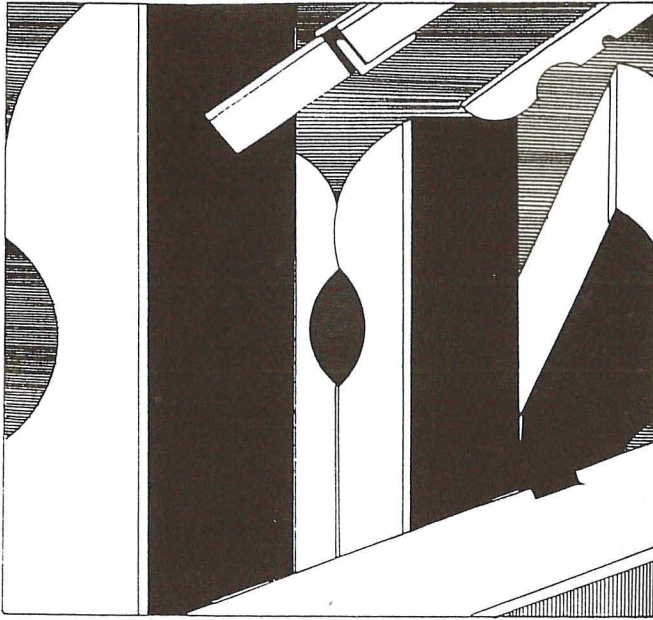
The game became more competitive. So I practiced each shot as if it were the opening shot. I shot a new ball from the same location on the table until I could sink it many times in a row. Then I'd move on to the next ball. I even took the time to make small marks on the table for each of the five balls. Three of the balls could be sunk by banking the ball off either side cushion, so I had three marks for them.

There became a favored end. The ball return was at one end of the table which made that end more convenient for practice. That side began to wear a slight groove in the table for each ball and corresponding shot. The groove was not noticeable to anyone but me. The bumpers which protected

the target hole became softer as they were used more often. The softer bumpers make the target hole more vulnerable. When I was forced to give up the favorable side, I relied on strategic moves. These shots became second nature to me. They were defensive and conservative. The shots depended on the adversary making the first error. The error decided the fate of the competition.

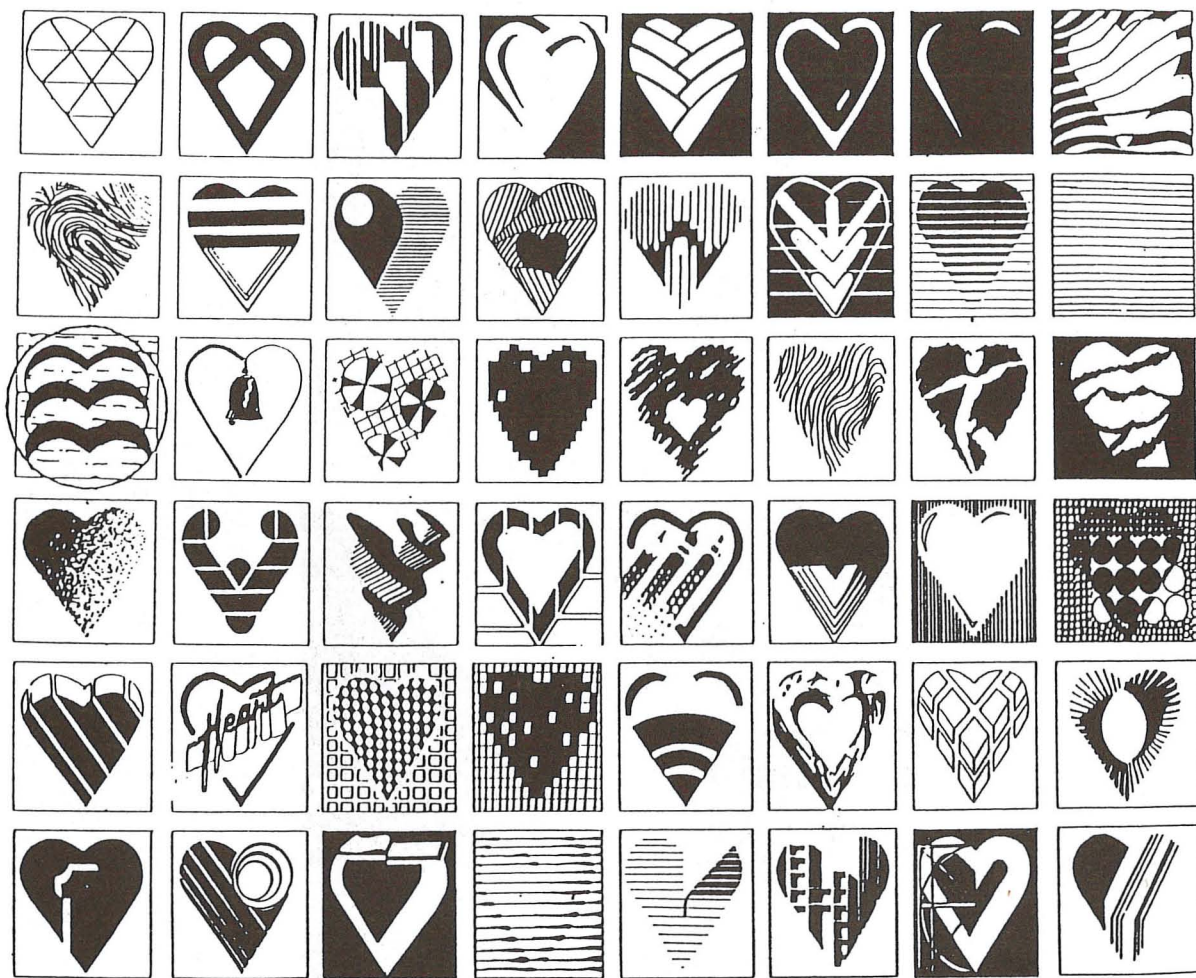
Contrary to these childhood games where the loser was an imaginary figure, real competition produces a winner and a loser. To be a winner, one must perfect his game so as not to make errors. This takes diligence. To be diligent in any pursuit, one must love what one is doing.

Whatever one aspires in game, career or life, one must persevere. Applying perseverance to one area can cause success in other areas. Consider the progression of the high school athlete who becomes the college star, the pro-star and finally the sports announcer. The perfected pool game developed skills for the regulation pool table. Beating dad on the "little" table led to beating others on the "big" table. At first, winning brought the thrill of victory; later winning provided a supplemental income for a high school student. Finally, winning awarded me my first job in the career in which I remain. For it was after a pool game in a friend's basement that one of the losers offered me a job. The same perseverance which led me to practice each feasible shot had shown my opponent my attention for detail, the desire to succeed, or at least, my desperation for money.



ON THE LINE

Jeff Kahn



COUNT THE WAYS

Tim Holcomb

she has a heart attack and dies. The doctors say it was for joy. If they had known her thoughts only moments before, her death would have been considered just.

But Livvie had no witnesses, no judges. Only Cash, who waltzed her out of her prison while the redbirds sang. **She** was free to begin again.

These two stories help the reader to reevaluate the role society has imposed on the widow, and to realize that the form and duration her mourning takes is entirely personal. The reality of her marriage may have been such that the husband's death has indeed brought her new life. In that case she would be neither irreverent nor immoral to choose to live the rest of her life as best she could.



PAST SHADOWS

Ruth Ann Messing

EDUCATION - WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

by Karen Phillips

A one-time acquaintance of mine had a theory on raising children: When a child is born he is put into a barrel with one hole; the child receives all he needs for survival through this hole (nourishment, love and knowledge); then, when the child is sixteen, the hole is plugged!

This idea certainly sounds absurd: however, it is sad to realize that some parents hold similar views about education. The school becomes the "barrel" and when the child's formal education is finished, he is on his own.

Our American society, as a whole, professes to care a great deal about education. It is believed that any child can go to school and become whatever he wants. Yet, schools have become the vehicles to provide solutions to the problems of society. Children are exposed to education dealing with sex, drugs and alcohol use and abuse, and suicide-prevention. Teachers have become counselors and therapists for our young people.

Today, in the 1980's, schools are accused of failing to transmit values and blamed for lack of discipline. Even unemployment is being attributed to an inadequate educational system.

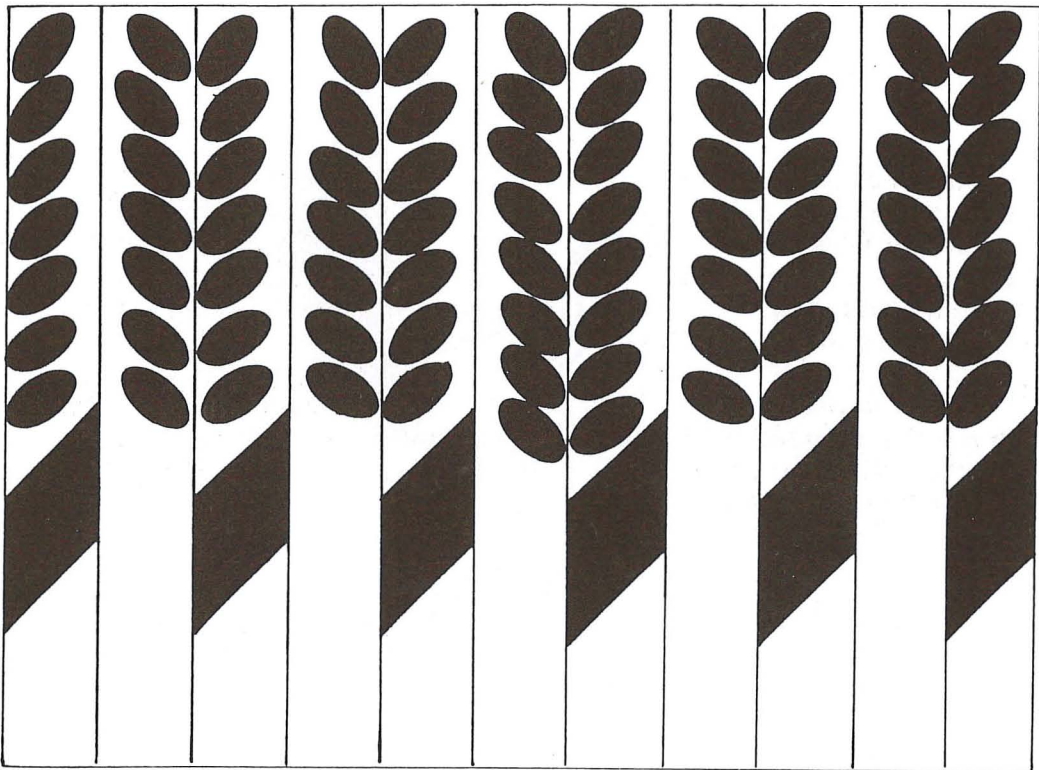
The basic elements of education - English, mathematics, science, history, foreign languages and the arts - have taken a back seat to the demands of society. School tax increases are voted down in favor of the more pressing matters of highways, shopping malls and high-rise apartments. Schools are continually having to compromise what they will offer for programs, and then they are ridiculed for providing a poor education.

A child's education begins at birth. A mother holds the infant to her breast and begins the love and nurturing process so essential to a person's life. Unfortunately, this responsibility is transferred to the teacher when the child starts school. The parent becomes a silent partner in the child's education, not realizing the major influence he still has on his child. All adults, parents and teachers alike, need to realize the great

impact they have on their children and need to concentrate on being positive role models for the easily impressed child.

It would behoove our society to realize that education is a process that does not necessarily take place in the school. Many students learn more outside the institution than within it. The instilling of values, discipline and morals is a task better accompanied in the home, work place or social organizations such as scouting or Sunday School.

Educational institutions are merely instruments of society. They reflect society's values and cannot be better or worse. If the school system seems to be failing, perhaps it is because society is failing. Plato, an early Greek philosopher, maintained that citizens must grow to manhood in an atmosphere of grace and beauty only, and all ugliness and vice must be excluded. Until the adults in society are free from "ugliness and vice", our schools will fail to give our children a "proper" education.



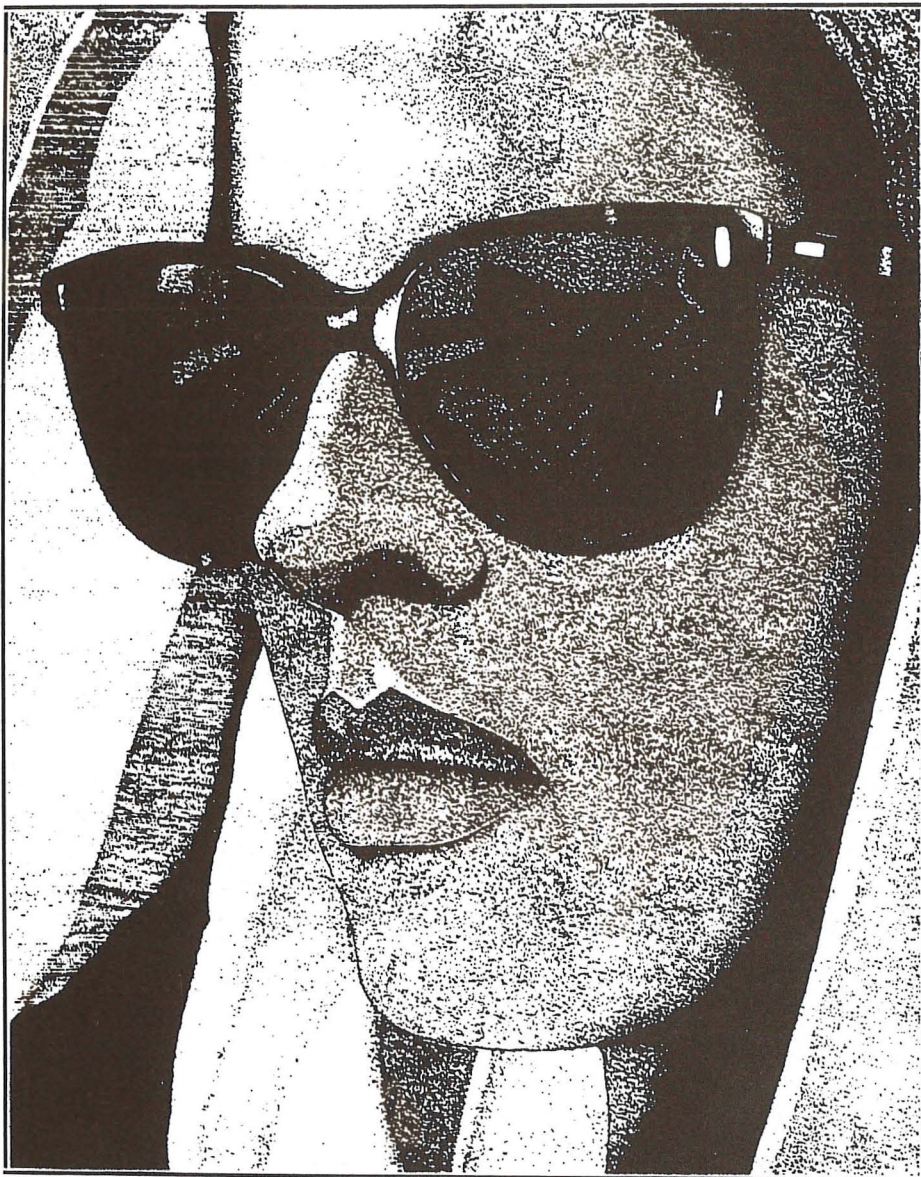
KANSAS

Peggy Karner

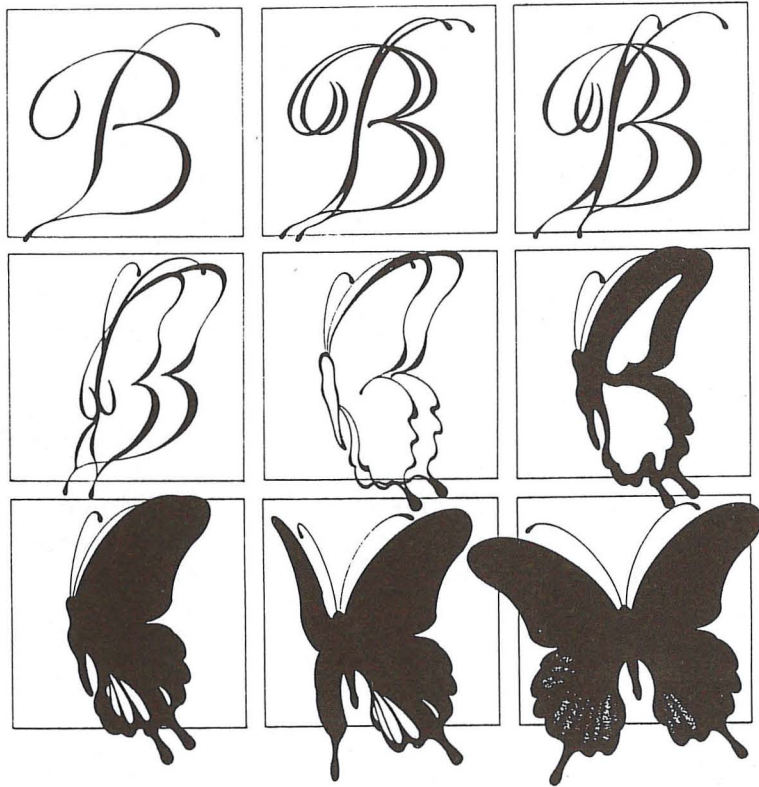


ROUND CIRCLE CITY

Lisa Mattson



BOARD WALK
Amy Degrow



B IS FOR ...
Sherrie Major

Birth

by Elizabeth Leuth

I entered the world with a scream.
Stark whiteness froze my eyelids closed.
Spinning wildly my mind went mildly mad
First breath blew away and tepid oceans of origin
Leaving me ignorant and innocent of life.

Forsaken by the evolutionary waters of the womb
Thrust naked into the arena,
Gladiators gathered round and smiled down at me
Speaking in garbled tongues with twisted faces
Swords sheathed and palms outward
Clothed in peaceful shades of green -

It seems they were expecting me.

I closed my eyes and screamed.

FRIENDS OF THE ARTS

Summer concerts on the banks of the Black River, children's theater, Marge Boal Drama Festival banners, **PATTERNS**, along with other ARTS ALIVE! activities at the college benefit from contributions made to Friends of the Arts. These many and varied activities at the college provide an important cultural bridge with the community. For students, academic and vocational programs are only part of the total educational concept; art, music, theater, literature, and writing have always provided a bridge for social awareness and human understanding. The arts remind us of our humanity, preserve our culture, and extend our values to succeeding generations.

Throughout history the various creative arts have depended upon the generosity of supporters who recognize their importance for society. Friends of the Arts was formed to enable the various ARTS ALIVE! programs to continue to contribute to the community of which they are a significant part. With the financial contributions of these Friends, this cultural bridge has been strengthened in its presentations for all interested people in the Blue Water communities. We at the college deeply appreciate the support of our distinguished donors, patrons, and friends. If you believe in the importance of the college arts program and your name is not listed among the contributing Friends, we invite you to attend our events and to join with others in keeping ARTS ALIVE! at St. Clair County Community College.

FRIENDS OF THE ARTS

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Betty Muer, Chairperson
Patrick Bourke
R. Ernest Dear
Richard Norris, ex-officio
Gerilyn Reed, secretary

CORPORATE BENEFACTORS

C. A. Muer Corporation
Charles and Betty Muer

BENEFACTORS

Margaret Boal
Capt. and Mrs. Morgan Howell

CORPORATE SPONSOR

Corbin Lumber Company

SPONSORS

Catherine Stimpson
Clinton Stimpson

DISTINGUISHED DONORS

Patrick Bourke
Richard and Iris Colwell
Gordon DaCosta
Charles and Susanna Defever
George and Isabelle Dewey
Fred and Marcia Haynes
James and Janet Kelly
Michigan Assoc. of Higher Education
Mueller Brass Company
John E. O'Dell
Frank E. Ross
Robert Sandell
David E. Shook

PATRONS

Margaret Armstrong
Sylvia Bargiel
Frederick and June Bennett
Ruby Clemons
Eleazar and Elizabeth Curti
Ernest and Barbara Dear
James and Rosetta Dickey
Barbara Fair
Alma Falls
Ralph F. Fix
Robert and Pauline Groff
John and Gloria Henry
Ellen Kean
Mary King
Helen Kirkendall
James and Bethene Leader
Merle and Beryl Levy
Nancy Lilley
Robert and Doris Lloyd
Claud and Doris Ludwig
James and Nancy Maywar
Richard and Peggy Norris
Thomas and Diane Obee
Francis and Virginia Pillsbury
Port Huron Music Teachers' Assoc.
Port Huron Northern H.S. Honor Society

Blanche Redman
Thomas and Gerilyn Reed
John and Joyce Richards
Edsel Rintala
James and Cynthia Rourke
Sarnia Artists' Workshop
Juanita Scharnweber
Carl Schwedler
Thomas and Betty Sicklesteel
Mary Ann Smith
Richard and Ruth Villwock
Clare and Mrs. J. Vivian
Thomas and Peggy Vuylsteke

FRIENDS

Louella Allen
Gary and Sally Arnold
Keay Brosseit
Patricia Fischer
Maurice B. Greene
Thomas Hamilton
Ray Pierotti
Theodore and Ruth Skell
Jo Steinhaus
Margaret Wedge
Robin and Elizabeth White

For further information on Friends of the Arts, contact Patrick Bourke, Associate Dean of Arts and Letters, SCCCC, 323 Erie St., Port Huron, MI 48060.

COMMITTEES

Writing

Sylvia Bargiel
Sue Shippey
Kathleen Nickerson

Jim Neese
Jean Hayman

Susanna Defever
John Lusk
Catherine Stimpson

Art

Patrick Bourke
Dale Northup

John Henry
Penny Peck

Earl Robinette
David Korff

Production

John Lusk
Tom Sicklesteel

John Henry

Holly Sanchez
David Korff



*A publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan
September, 1989*

